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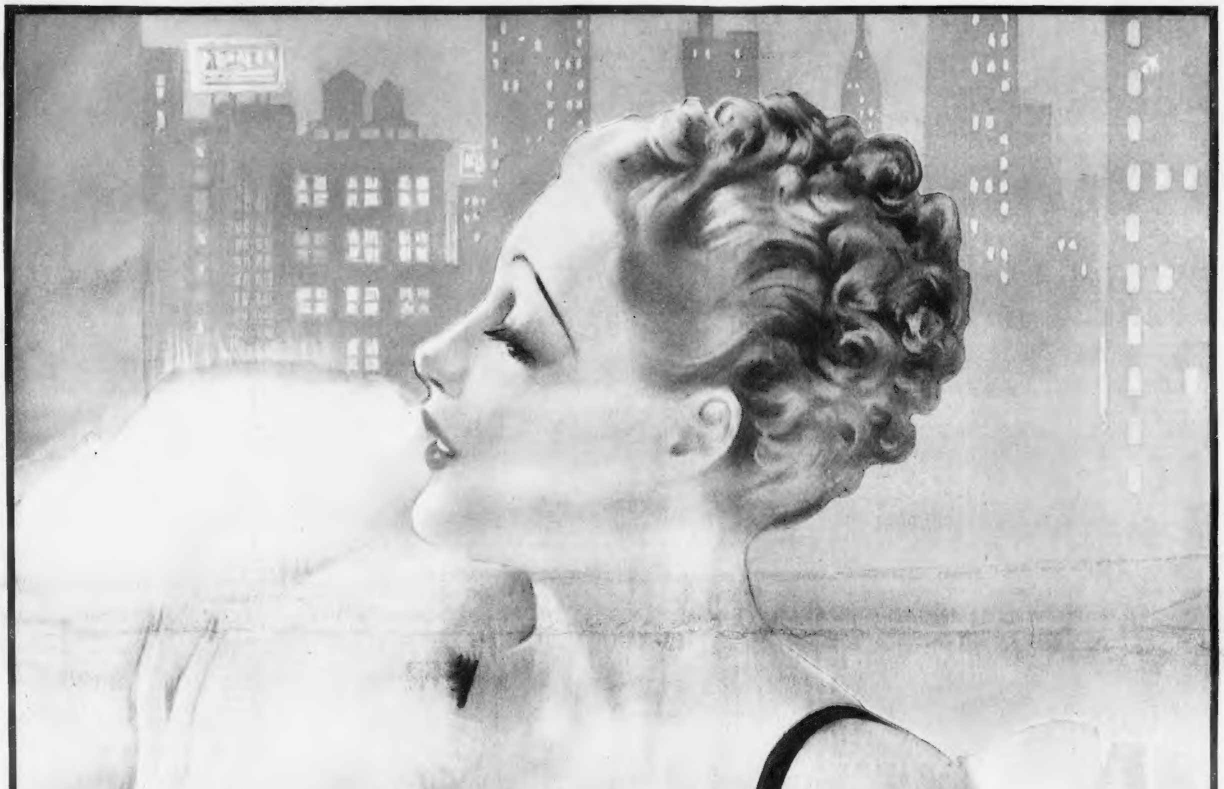
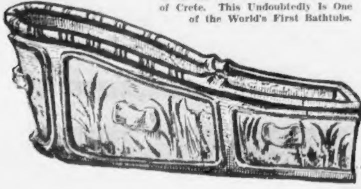
Sunday, March 1, 1936

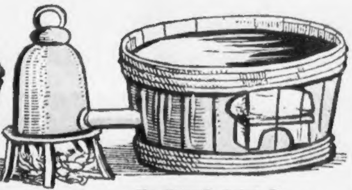


American Beauties A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive —No. 4—"Belle of New York"

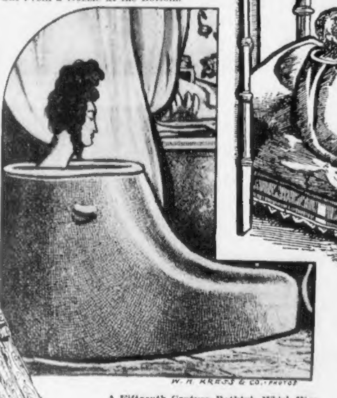
Early Ancestors Of Today's Luxurious Bathtubs



A Surprisingly Modern-Looking and Ornate Bathtub From the Ruins of an Ancient Palace on the Island of Crete. This Undoubtedly Is One of the World's First Bathtubs.

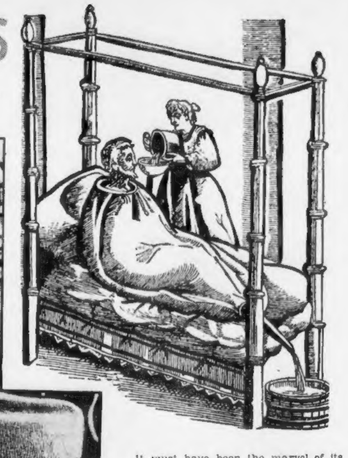


The Sixteenth Century Developed the First Bathtub With Oven. The Pipeline From the Firedrum to the Tub Was a Real Novelty in Its Day.

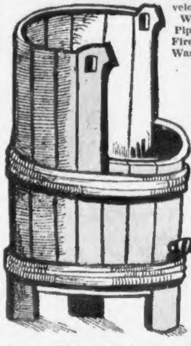


W. H. KREBS & CO.-PHOTOS

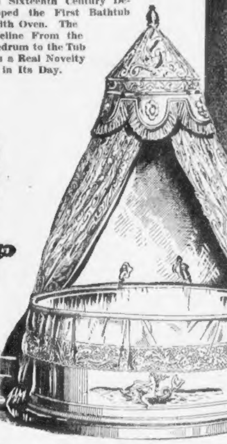
A Fifteenth Century Bathtub, Which Was a Luxury Possessed Only by the Wealthy.



On Right—Also in the Sixteenth Century Came This Bed Bath, a Bizarre Contraption Which Enveloped the Lazy or Sick Bather, While an Attendant Filled It With Water, Which Trickled Out From a Nozzle at the Bottom.



Another Bathtub Developed in the Sixteenth Century, Which Seemed to Be Quite an Era in Bathtub Development.



Only the Nobility of the Seventeenth Century Enjoyed Such Ornate Baths as Is Depicted by This Drawing.

FEW PEOPLE today think, when they sit in a tub or stand under the spray of a cleansing and invigorating shower, what a lot of crude and bizarre ancestors the modern bathtub has.

The pictures on this page show only a few of the contraptions in which the people of other days managed to keep more or less clean and out of which the smooth, white bathtubs we have today evolved. Far and away the most cdmplicated and amusing oldtime tub depicted on this page is at the extreme right. It's really a watertight bag and, if the engraving gives a true picture of the device the water went in a tunnel close by the bather's head, went 'round and around and came out a snout located at the bottom of the sac near the patient's feet.

This gadget was called a bed bath and probably was used mostly by invalids or people who were confined to bed by illness or accident. It is a far cry from this sixteenth century invention—which was probably looked upon as quite an achievement in its time—to the present-day bathtub. Unless the user had the benefit of liquid soap, which he undoubtedly didn't, this "tub" worn around the neck must have been more of a device for getting wet with hot or cold water than a means of keeping clean.

What the queer apparatus was made of is not a matter of record, but it is known that the fabric wasn't rubber.

The shoe-shaped tub, occupied by the lady with the high coiffure, was a luxury of the fifteenth century. Only the fastidious with plenty of money could afford such things in the house and they probably were passed down from generation to generation along with assorted other treasured heirlooms.

Like a lot of other medieval tubs, this one had a seat in it so that the bather occupied much the same posture that he, or she, would sitting in a chair. It must have been something of a job getting at the feet and legs and even at the torso, for the object fitted rather close to the body. Such tubs were, of course, filled from the top with buckets of water which, when the ablutions were over, was drained off through an outlet in the "toe" of the creation.

This tub was made of metal and could be carried from room to room.

Sometime during the sixteenth century human ingenuity worked out a way of supplying tubs with hot water, as shown in one of the sketches at the top of the page. Judged by today's standards this is a pitifully crude and inefficient piece of household impedimenta, but the fellow who built the tub had the right idea. His round wooden tub, with a bench in it, and a tank of water set over a wood fire, saved someone carrying water and probably caused many people to bless his name of Saturday nights—if the folks of the sixteenth century took their periodic cleanups at the end of the week in order to be sweet and shining for the Sabbath.

The old sketch was not accompanied by an explaration of the workings of the hot water system, but it is probable that the tub and the kettle were filled with cold water and then the fire was built beneath the kettle. As the water became hot it circulated into the tub, rose to the top and let the colder water in for its contact with the flames.

Certainly this tub was a marvel of engineering compared with the one shown in the picture directly beneath it, although both were invented in the same century, probably about the same time. This simple aid to cleanliness was little more than a long cask, or barrel, with some of the staves cut away to form a back. Of course, there was a seat which probably made it impossible for the bather to get wet all at once. The water was poured in the open top and taken out through the bunghole plugged with a wooden stopper when the tub was in use.

The canopied circular tub beside the barrel-like one, is something else again. It must have been the marvel of its day and the property of some king or feudal baron with plenty of power and money at his command. The tub itself appears to be fashioned of metal and to have been designed and embellished by some artist with sufficient imagination and skill to etch thereon the likeness of a nude siren taking a sea voyage astride of a fish, or a porpoise. The two taps above the luxurious tub indicate that it was supplied with hot and cold running water, probably sent into the bath by gravity from elevated tanks. This forerunner of the modern bathtub dates back to the seventeenth century.

Perhaps the most remarkable tub shown on this page is the one at the extreme left of the page. It long antedates all the others and is said to have been dug from the ruins of a palace on the island of Crete. Possibly this bath, not unlike our modern tubs in general shape and proportion, was used by some member of the Cretian royal house as far back as the day when Athens was enjoying its golden age and was the capital of the world. The object had five handles set in the centers of ornamental panels and its rounded rim was notched, apparently to steady the bather as he climbed in and out of it.

Berlin's Wrinkled Old Sea Elephant Dead of Grief for His Mate

BLACK STAR PHOTO

Roland, the Berlin Sea Elephant, Who Withered Away to a Mere Three Tons and Recently Died, Perhaps, as Some of His Keepers Think, of Heartbreak.

ROLAND, the three-ton sea elephant whose portrait appears at the right, was to hundreds of thousands of German youngsters—and grownups, too—what Jumbo was to Americans in the days of P. T. Barnum. He occupied a special pool in the Berlin zoo and, every fair day, his lumbering antics brought crowds of natives and tourists to the place.

The other day this monster from the Antarctic seas closed the leathery lids over his pop eyes, gasped mightily through his ugly snout and gave up the ghost—if sea elephants have such things. Roland's demise was not unexpected. For several years his keepers have known that he was ailing, although they could not discover anything organically wrong with his balloon-like carcass. For several months, despite the fact that he gobbled more than 100 pounds of fish a day, Roland had been losing weight at the rate of ten pounds every twenty-four hours. His playfulness gave way to a great lassitude and most of the time he stretched out his thirteen-foot length on a concrete slab and paid no attention to the crowds that came to admire him.

When Roland was captured he undoubtedly enjoyed the companionship of a lady sea elephant who swam the seas with him and commuted to the Antarctic ice pack with him in the Summer time. She was not around when her bulky boy friend was captured and, although it is difficult to tell what a sea elephant is thinking about, the curators of the Berlin zoo always suspected that Roland was not happy as a celibate. For several years seal hunters, promised $10,000 for the job, scoured the sea from the Cape of Good Hope to Australia in search of a wife for Roland, but they had no luck.

Meantime the pride of the Berlin zoo became increasingly apathetic, a fact which led certain scientists who have a right to pass an opinion on such matters to suggest that Roland was slowly dying of a broken heart.

With the passing of the ponderous pet of the Berlin zoo, the last sea elephant in captivity went the way of all flesh. The only other one caged up was Goliath III, who was the property of the zoo in Hanover, Germany, and who died only two days before Roland, weighed a ton more than Roland, but for some reason he never enjoyed such popularity as did Roland, and he did not get his picture in the papers nearly so often. Roland had been in Germany for many years, but Goliath was a newcomer. He had been in Germany less than a year, and he was shipped to Hanover from Atlantic City, where he was an attraction on the Steel Pier, but failed to draw enough customers to pay for his keep. Goliath just had to have fresh fish of a certain kind, and his owners had to toss about 200 pounds of the fodder down his Gargantuan gullet every day. He ate his way out of a good job in this country. He, too, may have succumbed to a broken heart, for, like Roland, circumstances forced him into a bachelor's existence.

A few hours after Roland wheezed his last, veterinaries tackled the unpleasant job of taking him apart in the hope of finding out whether heartbreak, or some less dramatic malady, took him off.

This was no ordinary autopsy, for the beast's hide was several inches thick and almost as tough as tanned leather.

Pretty Costumes That You Could Really Eat

ACME-PHOTO

Miss Mary Jane Lee, of Texas, Wearing a Costume Made of Grapefruit and Orange Peels and Assorted Vegetable Trimmings.

ACME-PHOTO

Miss Harriette Bibbins, of the Imperial Valley, California, Attired in a Fetching Costume of Lettuce.

THE MEN who stage the country's agricultural shows may not be as wise in some ways as the maestros of the stages of Broadway and the studios of Hollywood, but they have learned one valuable lesson from show business—to glorify their exhibits with lots of pretty girls and to dress these members of the fair sex in outfits that have a special significance to the enterprise in hand

Take the smiling and regal young woman in the photograph at the left, Miss Mary Jane Lee by name. She was the belle of the recent annual citrus, vegetable and flower festival staged in Weslaco, Texas, and that gown of hers is a sartorial oddity if there ever was one. At first glance, even a Parisian couturier might be excused for thinking the ensemble was fashioned of quilted satin, which thought would be a wild and inaccurate guess. The outfit, believe it or not, is made of grapefruit and orange peel, enough fruit rind to make many jars of delicious preserves.

Miss Lee was only one of several girls who entered the competition for gowns made entirely from the products of the orchard and the garden, but she carried off first honors and got her picture in the papers all over the Southwest. Some of the other "gowns that grew" were even more edible than this one, being concocted of carrots, lettuce, cabbages and other vegetables that spring from the fertile soil of the Lone Star State.

California, more publicity wise than most States, has been doing this sort of thing at its agricultural exhibits for a long time. Year after year it picks, and crowns, queens of this crop and that. Fair young things sit among displays of garden truck arrayed in costumes embellished with oranges and lemons, cherries, spinach, and even walnuts. They manage to look extremely fetching in such tricky get-ups and no one, including the temporary queens, is cross about it when whole corps of cameramen drop in to take pictures of them and their fragile fripperies.

The farmers of California's Imperial Valley borrowed an idea from Broadway and Hollywood when they induced Miss Harriette Bibbins—the young woman looking considerably like a true daughter of Eve in the photograph at the right—to array her lithe self in an abbreviated outfit of lettuce leaves.

To give the costume the proper setting, Miss Bibbins posed right in the garden plot where the material for her verdant costume was picked and, even as Miss Lee, of Texas, had the satisfaction of seeing her picture published in many a newspaper.

In its own way the lettuce dress was as pleasing to the eye as the somewhat more ambitious one made of the hides of grapefruit and oranges. The leaves were a delicate and brilliant shade of green—several shades of green, in fact—and their lacy edges were as graceful as anything that ever came out of the atelier of a skilful modiste. This bit of raiment looked good enough to eat—and it would have served nicely as the foundation for enough salad to whet the appetite of a dozen people. The skirt had what the professional fashion designers call "action" in its edible ruffles.

It's more of a problem to make such costumes than anyone who never has tried his hand at it might suppose. Cloth lends itself to the needle and stays put once the fabric is properly sewn, but peelings and leaves are something else again. They have to be attached to a foundation and one heavy step, or a sudden twist of the body, and they are likely to fall apart and have to be done all over again with new material.

Mother Eve, as legend has it, may have started the fad for vegetable ensembles in the Garden of Eden where the leaves of the fig were to be had for the picking, but it's a safe bet that she never bedecked herself with anything like the ball gown made of the skins of several dozens of the finest Texan grapefruit and oranges. That ensemble was, in its way, a masterpiece of the seamstress' art and Adam's consort didn't have the proper implements to make such a dress, even if she had possessed the style sense requisite for its creation.

Brought 'Em Up to Do as They "Darn Please"

Curious Experiment in Raising Two Lively Daughters With Never a Wish Denied Nor Ever a Spanking--- And Some of the Unexpected Results

Victoria, the 14-Year-Old Daughter, Who Can Fight Just As Well As Sister Mary Belle.

When Mary Belle, At One of Her First Parties, Heard Another Girl Make a "Catty" Remark About Her, She Saw No Reason Why If She Felt Like Punching Her, She Should Not Do It—And She Did Punch Her, to the Consternation of the Fashionable Gathering.

Miss Mary Belle, the 16-Year-old Spencer Daughter, Who Likes to Ride At 2 O'Clock in the Morning Dressed Only in Brassiere and Shorts.

Victoria Revealing Her Shapeliness in Outdoor Running Costume With a Capricious Touch of High-Heel Shoes.

And Here Is Mary Belle in All Her Husky Comeliness and in Her Dress As a Society Sub-Deb, Looking As Demure As Possible.

A CHICAGO jury has given its approval to the Spencer "let-'em-do-as-they-darn-please" method of educating children, as against the usual "make-'em-go-to-school-and-behave" system.

Mary Belle Spencer, aged sixteen, and her sister Victoria, fourteen, had never pleased to go to school, so their physician father, Dr. Richard V. Spencer, and their mother, who is a successful lawyer, never asked them to go.

Other girls and boys have had the desire to stay away from school but the truant officer soon came and suppressed it. He came for the Spencer girls too, but it is said that they kicked his shins and got away with it. This seems to have been because their medical parent pointed out that mumps, measles, whooping cough, grippe, coughs and colds were rampant in the school and the legal parent convinced him that he hadn't any authority anyhow.

They lived their school-free life until one day the older sister won a beauty contest and the papers mentioned this school-exempt existence. At once thousands of school children demanded a similar "liberation from bondage."

Dr. Spencer was taken before a magistrate charged with violating the compulsory education law. His wife defended him in her best criminal-lawyer style but the physician was fined $5. A jury trial was then demanded and this time, after eight hours deliberation, the Spencer method was vindicated.

It was not so much the criticism hurled at the American school system that won as the two star witnesses for the defense. In court Mary Belle and Victoria looked like two perfect little ladies, so good that butter would not melt in their mouths. But it was more than that. The girls were not only very pretty and full of health and vitality, but they displayed a much larger vocabulary and more intelligent use of English than is usually found in a high school girl.

The jury worried and wondered what the world is coming too, yet it could not condemn a system or absence of system which had produced two such fine specimens. However, it is easy to see why it would not work in ordinary homes. Few mothers, even if they have the time, would care to take over the school teacher's job. Neither did this one.

"When the children arrived," explained Attorney Spencer, "I had developed a flourishing criminal law practice and certainly had no intention of staying home to be a wife and mother — that would have been stupid.

"I employed governesses, one for each, and instructed them not to interfere with the girls' natural impulses. I pointed out to them that they were merely to be companions to the youngsters, not dictators. I paid them excellent wages, and when it came time for the girls to learn things beyond their natural observation, their grown-up companions were competent guides for their young minds."

Even if every family, instead of very few, could afford "guides," the do-as-they-please method seems to have a lot of complications and needs lots of luck to succeed. The heart of the system is to let the child obey its impulses, unrestrained, and learn from consequences. It is not desirable that the child should try to unscrew the cat's hind leg, but Kitty has claws with which she is supposed to teach experimental children that her parts are not removable.

Neither is it desirable for a girl like Mary Belle to be thrown from a horse at two o'clock in the morning, clad only in brassiere and shorts, but it is what happened to Mary Belle not long ago. A late passer-by, one Ole Larson, couldn't believe his eyes when he found this sprite, almost nude, unconscious, but certainly beautiful, prone by the roadside on Lake Shore Drive. The horse had gone on by himself.

Ole took her to a hospital where Mary Belle immediately revived, feeling fine, and telephoned her mother that she must have fallen asleep while riding and slipped from her horse. Both Mary Belle and the horse were bareback, which was probably why she slipped. Mrs. Spencer said she hadn't given Mary Belle permission to go bareback riding in this fashion at this hour, but she didn't particularly mind. Both Mary Belle and her sister have gone horseback riding at 2 o'clock quite frequently since, but it is said they wear more than brassiere and shorts and the horse wears a saddle.

Victoria, who curiously enough bears the name of one of the world's most sedate and proper queens, interrupted an interview her sister was giving to a representative of this magazine by shouting: "Liar!"

According to the system, as long as Victoria felt the desire to call her sister that or anything else, she must not suppress it, but it brought on one of those complications. At once Mary Belle started for her sister with clenched fists, causing the younger girl to dodge around her mother's chair. It would be bad for Mary Belle's nervous system to suppress her evident desire to educate her sister with a punch in the face, but a little mild advice would do no harm so Mrs. Spencer said:

"If you girls are going to fight, I hope you won't hurt each other."

Victoria avoided combat by agreeing that she would hereafter suppress her desire to call her sister a liar in public.

Victoria likes to trip people so they will fall into a room instead of entering in a ladylike manner and Mary Belle does not seem to mind such playfulness.

Other girls are disposed to do the same thing but it won't work so well. The Spencer girls are not only unusually quick and strong, but their father has taught them to box and they are said to "pack a terrific wallop" for their ages. It would be just too bad for any ordinary girl who tried to chastise one of the Spencer maidens.

This was demonstrated the other day in school, for just at the moment both are in school. During the trial there was so much talk about these "prisons" that the pair became curious. Nobody asked them to go, but of their own volition they suggested that it might be fun to attend the Starrett School for girls on the South Side. So they are to attend as long as it is fun. As soon as it ceases to be so, they will quit—provided the school hasn't thought of the idea first.

When Victoria sat down after avoiding that encounter with her sister, she related with evident pleasure her first fight at school. She was drinking from a bubble cup in the bathroom when a voice behind her said:

"Out of my way, Freshie!"

"I turned around," related Victoria, "and there stood a big, tall girl I knew was a senior. Well, she gave me a push and I landed a good one on her jaw. I had her down quicker'n a wink. She was carrying a tube of tooth paste so I took it and spurted it into her mouth, eyes, ears and nose. I had to laugh she looked so funny!"

"Did—the principal hear about it?" she was asked.

"Naw, the girl didn't dare squeal. She knew I'd clout her again."

"Remember the time you threatened to clout that snooty girl from Virginia?" Victoria, warming up to her subject, asked her older sister. Mary Belle looked a little pained and murmured something to the effect that she wished Victoria didn't feel she had to tell everything.

"She was patronizing toward you, that's why I threatened her," said the beautiful Mary Belle, in the voice of a martyr.

"The seniors were giving a hard-times party," she went on to explain, "and everyone was to come in old clothes.

"'Toria' and I picked up some old clothes at home—our hunting clothes. On the night of the party we were walking down the stairs ready to go in when we noticed a girl at the bottom staring at 'Toria' and laughing. Well, I knew her clothes looked pretty bad, but all this girl wore to look shabby was a stocking with a run in it.

"I took three steps at a time and shook my fist in her face. 'Don't you dare laugh at my sister or I'll show you stars!' I told her.

"She turned pale—and she quit laughing. From there I marched right into the principal's office and informed Mr. Smith I'd have to deal harshly with anyone in the school who dared be patronizing to either Toria or myself again."

There was a time, before Mary Belle had matriculated at a lady's school, that she had done better than threaten a girl who'd seen fit to be "catty." It proved to be the incident that barred the attractive Mary Belle from some of the more cautious circles in Chicago Heights. Surrounded as she always is at a party by admiring or at least curious males, three rows deep, she managed to overhear, nevertheless, a very "catty" remark directed at her by a guest completely bereft of men.

In a flash the Spencer girl had gone through her line of admirers like a football tackle and had landed a punch straight to the jaw of the offending female. When that dazed young lady had quit reeling she remembered to burst forth into tears and run from the room, coddling her jaw.

That startling act made no hit with the girls of that set who mostly voted her a brat and even the men decided she was something of a problem child. She can punch almost as hard and fully as straight as the average boy of her age. So, if she should have a desire to express herself with fists upon one of them he would be in a bad spot. He would be forced either to let a girl beat him to a pulp, which would be a disgrace, or to punch her lovely head off which would be cowardly.

It is not uncommon for children to run wild from sheer neglect. Also quite often one hears of one parent or the other asserting that it is a good thing for a child to be undisciplined and "brought up only by the elevator," but for both parents to be so enthusiastically agreed on the policy is rare. There is a special reason for it in this case. Mrs. Spencer says that she grew up mostly as an unbossed child and had a very happy childhood.

Dr. Spencer, on the other hand, was much bossed. As a son of the late Major George K. Spencer of the U. S. A., he became an Army doctor. Nobody has ever found a way to hold an army together without strict discipline. Some get to like it while others, including Dr. Spencer, do not. When he fell in love with Mrs. Spencer, the first thing she taught him was to quit the Army and its restraints for private practice in Chicago.

Mrs. Spencer says the reason women are "catty" is because of the foolish manner in which most of them have been reared. It is the only way—by being "catty"—she says they can get rid of excess steam and combustion which men get out of their own systems through work, exercise and fight. She adds:

"Every little girl, from the day she's old enough to understand, is taught 'little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice.' She is warned against being anything but sweet and poised because the male will have her no other way. Consequently, we have a lot of women going about with pent-up emotions and an eternal struggle to keep sweet and poised when what they need most is to yell their heads off at someone or get into a good fight.

"My own daughters get rid of their excess steam by a lot of outdoor exercise and fight. They are not forced to be 'catty'—to say sly, mean things of other women—because my daughters rid themselves naturally of excess steam. It is considered a disgrace to see two women pulling at each other's hair or scratching at each other's faces. I say it's a disgrace in that they haven't been taught any better means of fighting.

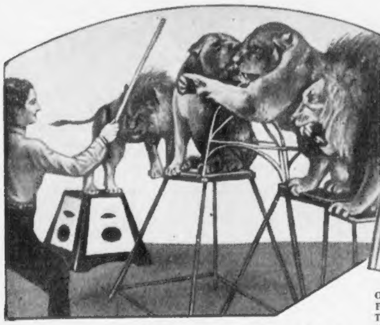
"Why haven't women learned to use their fists? Why? Because that wasn't the 'nice' thing to do. 'Ladies don't fight!' 'Ladies don't use their fists—it shows lack of control!' Bah! It merely shows we're still under the puritanical influence of our forefathers. It's the greatest hoax man has ever perpetrated on woman!—and modern women still stand for it. If my daughters continue to use their fists until they're old ladies, I'll say 'bravo!' for it will mean they are still free."

As an able lawyer, Mrs. Spencer has the congenial task of saving her clients from the consequences of "doing as they darn please" with the laws of the land. But strangely enough she won her first big publicity in court by vainly striving to suppress the profitable desires of Sally Rand, famous fan-dancer, to appear at the World's Fair, scarcely less clothed than she permits her own daughters to be if they feel that way.

Critics of Mrs. Spencer claimed she didn't care so much about Sally's costume, but she caused the trouble because she disliked the Fair management.

Ballet Too Tame, So She Became The "Lady Of The Lions"

Patricia Bourne With a Lion and Three Lionesses, Snarling and Pawing at Her, Yet Not Daring to Make the Break That Might, If the Lions Only Knew, Cost Her Life.



One of Patricia's Star Tableaux in Which She Keeps the Beasts Posed for Several Minutes.

This Photograph Shows a Rehearsal When the Big Cats Have to Be Bluffed Into Submission.

LONDON.

ALL OVER the British Isles Patricia Bourne is known as the "Lady of the Lions" even though she is only twenty-two years old and has been engaged in the dangerous business of training jungle beasts less than three years. Editors jump at the chance to publish her picture, with or without lions, because she's an exceptionally pretty young woman who looks more like a Mayfair debutante than an iron-nerved circus star. And she deserves all the publicity she gets because she abandoned what might have been a successful career as a ballet dancer to learn the dangerous and difficult business of educating lions. When someone asked her why in the world she quit the esthetic art of Terpsichore to risk her life under the Big Top she replied simply: "I found dancing too tame to be interesting."

"Pat" Bourne did not jump directly from the stage to the iron-barred arena. She took a fling at bareback riding first, when she still was in her 'teens, and it was then that she made her first personal acquaintance with lions. The big beasts fascinated her and she had the hunch that she is one of those rare people who have a way with lions. She made friends with the lion trainer and finally induced him to let her function as his apprentice when she was not busy riding in the ring or looking after her broad-backed mounts. It was apparent, from the first, that she had what it takes to make lions submit to human domination and perform stunts for the amusement of audiences.

At Any Moment the Lion Might Be Expected to Leap at His Mistress, but Patricia Shows No Fear and Does Not Even Back Away.

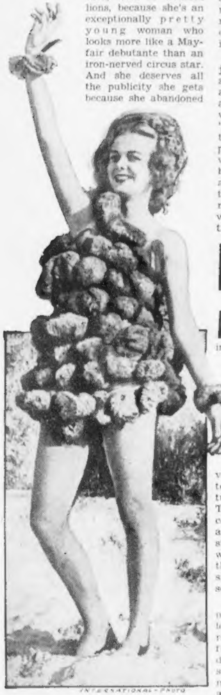
About two years ago Miss Bourne managed to get together a lion troupe of her own—two males, three females and three husky cubs. For several hours a day she worked with the brutes and finally brought them under her complete domination. Like the leading men trainers, she makes them walk tight ropes, lie down and roll over and go through all the usual maneuvers of the animal-act thrillers—and to go most of her colleagues one better she climaxes her performance by sitting astride the biggest of the male lions posed on a couple of stools, his front paws on one and his hind paws on the other. Sometimes the "Lady of the Lions" has to work on her tawny-hided mount for ten or fifteen minutes before he quits roaring and striking at her with his front feet. But, with the help of an iron rod, a whip and a revolver, she always subdues the beast and finishes her act spectacularly.

This season Miss Bourne has top billing with the world-famous Olympia Circus and her salary is many times what it would be if she were twinkling her toes in a ballet troupe. When her act is staged, all the lights are turned out and spotlights are focussed on the big cage. The girl waits until all the lions are milling about, growling and lashing their tails, before she enters the arena and makes them do the tricks she taught them.

In a recent newspaper interview, Patricia Bourne, explained that she'd rather be a lion tamer than to have any other job in the world—although she has no illusions about the risk she takes every time she steps into the circular cage.

She thinks that women can tame lions as well as men—if they have the nerve and a flair for that sort of thing. "If you are inclined to worry," she says, "don't pick a job like mine. If I ever get the jitters about my profession, I'll give it up immediately."

The "Lady of the Lions" isn't the jittery sort, however, and she says that "everything's all right so long as I don't fall down during my act. The lions have respect for me when I'm on my feet and facing them—but if I ever tripped. . .well, that probably would be the end of the show."



INTERNATIONAL-PHOTO

Miss Bunny Groves Wearing a Bathing Suit Fashioned of Sponges at Nassau in the Bahamas. It's One of Those Costumes That Will Really Be "Swell" When It Strikes the Water.

Money-Making Machines That Make Money Only for Crooks

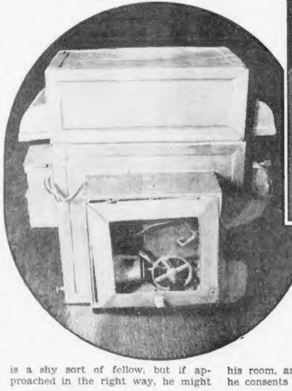
IT IS difficult to believe that in these days anyone would be so credulous as to be taken in by "money-making" machines, such as the two shown at the right. Yet every year a number of New Yorkers go to the office of District Attorney William Copeland Dodge with sad complaints of how they have been swindled out of their life savings by the "inventors" of these absurd contraptions.

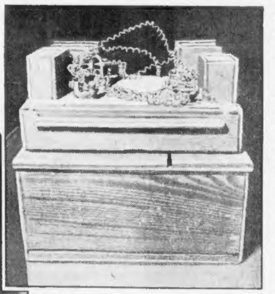
These "marvelous" machines are always fitted out with various kinds of gadgets, such as telegraph keys, induction coils, radio tubes, electric bells, gauges or wheels. The only object of the gadgets, of course, is to make noises that impress and mystify the victims, and from the surprising number of trusting souls who put their faith—and every cent they can get their hands on—into these silly contrivances, it seems that they serve that purpose remarkably well.

The trick is usually worked by two men. One is the "spotter," and he loiters around pool halls, bars, lunch rooms and such places, until he gets on friendly terms with someone whose evident thrift and industry indicates a substantial bank account. But he does not rush matters. He takes his time, and waits until he and the victim have become "old friends."

Then, one day he casually remarks that he has just met an "inventor" who has constructed a remarkable machine that duplicates money. This inventor is a shy sort of fellow, but if approached in the right way, he might give a demonstration. So they go to his room, and after some persuasion, he consents to show how his machine works. The greatest secrecy attends this performance. It's part of the act.

Below—An Electric Gadget Made by a Crook Now in Jail in New York. His Stupid Victims Believed Him When He Said it Would Manufacture Money by Duplicating Real Bills—Which He Extracted and Departed With, Leaving the Victims to Hold the Machine—and the Bag.





A Cruder Machine Used for the Same Confidence Game. It Is Fitted With Gears and Impressive Parts Which Have No Use Whatever.

A ten-dollar bill is put in one side of the machine. Buttons are pushed, levers pulled down, switches thrown or dials adjusted. Then there is a lot of buzzing, clicking, squeaking and grinding, and presently out of the other side come two ten-dollar bills in addition to the old one. It's real money. There's no question about that. The victim is allowed to feel it and examine it, and since he has been carefully picked ahead of time, he rarely, if ever, fails to be impressed. The inventor "explains" the working of his wondrous machine in technical terms which sound good but mean nothing.

At this point the spotter begins to beg the inventor to let him put his savings through the machine, and after the inventor reluctantly consents, it is suggested that the victim have the same privilege, since he is a good fellow. The rest is easy. The victim hurries away and returns with his money, which is wrapped up and put into the machine.

Out the other side comes a package three times as large. But the inventor explains that this must be taken home and kept for twenty-four hours before it is opened. Otherwise, light would make the fresh ink fade. When opened the next day, the package contains nothing but newspaper strips.

This time-worn trick is only one of many frequently repeated swindling schemes that make it necessary for District Attorney Dodge to maintain one of the largest law enforcement agencies in the world—a staff of over 200 clerks, lawyers, stenographers, investigators and experts who, each year, prosecute an average of 4,800 felony indictments and 15,000 misdemeanor cases.

Something Really "Swell" In Bathing Suits

BATHING beauties, and the smart promoters of the pageants, great and small, in which the young women parade never seem to run out of new ideas in the way of seaside apparel. These ensembles are not always practical; sometimes they are stunts worn for the special benefit of cameramen whose pictures find their way into the newspapers, the magazines and the newsreels.

Such a costume is the one that Miss Bunny Groves, of New York City, is seen wearing in the photograph above. Miss Groves knows, as well as anyone, that it never would do for her to take a dive in that outfit. It's made of sponges.

She did not bedeck herself thus to show off her figure—which is pretty well obscured by the get-up—or to attract the attention of the couturiers who design beach clothes. At the time the picture was snapped she happened to be at Nassau, in the Bahamas—where no end of sponges are fished from the reefs and sent to all parts of the world.

A bathing beauty show of sports was staged at the swimming pool of the British Colonial Hotel, and from the assembled young women a committee of judges, who did not have to be pressed into service, went to work to pick a 'Sponge Queen" from the material at hand.

The "material" at Nassau invariably is of the best and the judges had quite a time of it deciding which of the pretty and shapely entrants was to be crowned. For an hour or two they pondered the pleasant problem and, at last, they made placating speeches to the runners-up and awarded the palm to Miss Groves.

The queen and her court paraded about the swimming pool—but her royal majesty was careful not to fall in and a couple of husky lifeguards stood ready to rescue her in case of an emergency.

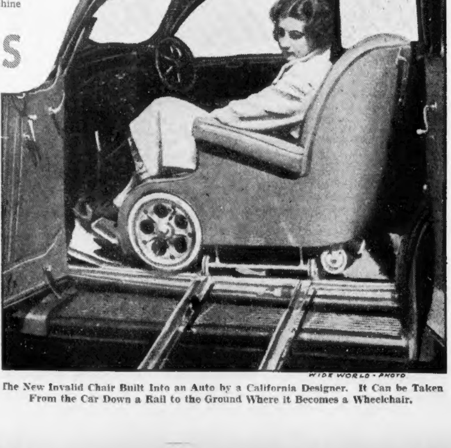
The New Auto Chairs for Shut-ins

A CALIFORNIA inventor has devised an ingenious chair which will make it possible for cripples and invalids, able to sit up, to enjoy the healthful pleasures of motoring. The clever and comfortable piece of furniture is shown in the photograph at the right. It was built to order for a customer in Seattle.

The auto chair is equipped with four wheels with pneumatic tires and with four smaller wheels on which it is rolled in and out of the automobile on lightweight metal rails. The invalid-who-would-go-riding is placed in the chair in the house and rolled to the car. Then the rubber-tired wheels are moved up out of the way and the chair is placed on the rails to be pushed into place in the automobile. It goes beside the driver's seat and some minor changes in the interior of the machine have to be made so that it will fit snugly and solidly.

The chair is, of course, specially designed and specially made. It has extra springs and is thickly padded to absorb any road shocks that might be imparted to the machine. Its seat is inclined toward the rear so that the user rests in the chair by his own weight. The back is rounded and softly upholstered to form a rest for the head.

Once the chair is clamped into position the rails are taken down and attached to the front bumper in a special rack. They can be put back in working position in less than two minutes.



WIDE WORLD-PHOTO

The New Invalid Chair Built Into an Auto by a California Designer. It Can be Taken From the Car Down a Rail to the Ground Where it Becomes a Wheelchair.

The "Death Complex," Strange Twist of the Mind

Professor Laird Points Out the Curious Testimony Concerning the Death of Thelma Todd, the Jolly, Vivacious Actress, and Explains Why a Gay Manner Often Masks a Longing for Death

An Unusual Statue By the Distinguished Sculptor Xavier, Representing "The Kiss of Death," Will Be the Tomb of Antoine, the Wealthy Parisian Hairdresser, Who Spends Most of His Spare Time Thinking of Death.

Death Is the Grim, Uninvited and Unsuspected Guest At Many a Happy Party Where, Behind the Mask of Gaiety, Someone Waits and Hopes For Death To End It All.

She Had Youth, Beauty and Success, Yet Behind Her Pose of Gaiety, Thelma Todd, Blond Screen Actress, Hunted Death.

By Donald A. Laird, Ph.D., Sci.D.
Director, Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

A SUDDEN hush spread over the solemn room in California where the grand jury was investigating the mysterious death of Thelma Todd, Massachusetts beauty prize winner whose brilliant career as a movie actress was ended with the finding of her lithe body slumped in the front seat of her expensive automobile in a monoxide-filled garage.

Patricia De Este had just told the death probers what had happened at a gay party some time before. It was just the type that Miss Todd seemed to love, and yet after the gaiety was over Thelma said to her:

"I don't want any future—I don't want to live any more."

The film beauty said it calmly and seemingly without emotion, eyes clear and gaze steady. Ida Lupino, herself a gay film actress, had also told the probers of the strange longing for an end to her life, which seemed to lurk in the mind of the vivacious, apparently carefree girl who rose from Massachusetts school teacher to film stardom.

It is what is known to scientists as a "death complex."

The testimony startled the grand jurors. Psychologists could have told the jury that under the surface of many apparently gay minds are similar fleeting thoughts. The so-called death complex, in fact, is more likely to be found when we lift the lid of a superficially gay mind than when we look equally deep into the mind workings of the serious person who takes life in deadly seriousness. The gay flippancy is often little more than a veneer by which they try to conceal, from themselves as well as from others, the profound underlying grim seriousness with which they look forward to leaving behind the troubles of this mortal vale of tears and suffering.

This death complex was strong in Abraham Lincoln. The most thorough study of the Great Emancipator's inner mental workings, made by the late Dr. L. Pierce Clark, reveal clearly his flirtation with the thought that death would be a preferable release from the cares of life. One of the important assignments given to Alan Pinkerton, the Civil War detective, was to see that the Chief Executive did not in some fatal moment obey this strange impulse.

It is a strange and an unnatural impulse. A primordial characteristic of all organisms is the desire to keep alive, no matter what the cost or the pain. This is basic with all plants, animals, and mankind. The contrariwise impulses are due to some inner twist or kink which has distorted perspective.

How this twist gets started has been discovered in many instances which have been analyzed by scientific investigators. Many individuals have had this twist straightened out. Just what caused the death complex in Thelma Todd can now never be directly known, but if this was the cause of her death, it is regrettable that she did not recognize this impulse as unnatural and completely against all natural laws, and consult a specialist in mild mental conditions—of whom there are several hundred well qualified.

(C) BROWN BROS

Abraham Lincoln Had a Death Complex So Strong that While He Was President, Detectives Were Assigned To Guard Him For Fear He Might Take His Own Life.

Had she recognized the unnatural nature of her inner attitude, and consulted a specialist rather than pretending she was gay, she might perhaps still be making her popular motion pictures and, for once, getting much more zest out of life than she did by trying so hard to be gay.

Dr. Eli Moschowitz recently reported in the New England Journal of Medicine the case of a young married woman, twenty-three years old and the mother of two children whose birth caused her a great deal of pain.

For some three months before she came to see a specialist she had been losing weight, was "nervous" and had a number of fainting spells. Now, perhaps half of fainting spells are merely a disguised death complex. It is not close air in a room, or weak heart that causes these symbolic faints—but a twinge of conscience, some temporary unpleasantness, or some apparently-but-not-quite-forgotten event years back in childhood.

Dr. Moschowitz found that the woman he had under observation had always got along well with other people and was treated kindly as a child. She went to work when she was only thirteen and was popular with her parents, especially since she helped support them. She appeared to be just a natural, normal girl until she was sixteen.

That year her father died, and at his funeral she threw herself into his grave. She felt as though she had lost her only friend. Her mother, and her brothers and sisters—all older—were not so kind to her.

Two years later she married, when only eighteen. All her friends and relatives advised her against marrying this particular man, who had beaten her so she had had him arrested for it. Treated like a slave by her husband, she missed profoundly the loving sympathy which she had been used to. She craved sympathy deeply.

Then, too, her conscience was bothering her a bit. She felt that she had thought more of her father than was perhaps natural for a daughter. When her conscience and her craving for sympathy would get stirred up, she would have her death complex aroused and swoon in a faint or symbolic "dying" spell.

Out of such simple little events as those develop these unnatural impulses which frighten so many persons. The beginnings are small, but the endings may be serious.

The death complex of Abraham Lincoln has been traced to the way he was affected by the death, first of his mother, and later of the only other woman he ever loved, Ann Rutledge. This gave him a melancholy disposition which he tried to conceal by his famous humor. These tragic experiences also made him look forward, in the most secret crevices of his mind, to joining the beautiful young girl to whom he was, as Edgar Lee Masters wrote, wedded by death.

There are other interesting ways in which this distortion of a healthy mental outlook on life express itself. Some physicians in Aznalcollar, near Seville, Spain, had the wits scared out of them a few years ago. After dark they went to the local cemetery to perform a post-mortem examination to help clear up a murder. The physician, and his two assistants, went into a crypt and their hair stood on end when the body in one of the coffins moved and then sat up.

The "body" was a grave digger, who found the soft linings made a comfortable bed. But he did not help matters any when he started to run after the fleeing scientists to explain who he was and what he was doing.

Now, it is not quite a natural thing to wish to use a coffin even for a pleasant night's sleep. We can be pretty sure that the cemetery employe who picked that as a place to sleep was motivated by a well-developed death complex. Yet his is not a rare instance by any means.

Natives at Charlcroi, Pennsylvania, have puzzled to understand why William Krauzlas, a coal miner in his fifties, sleeps in a sheet-iron coffin which he made for himself. This 350-pound silver-plated coffin is fitted with a five-pound sledge hammer underneath the mattress, so he can hammer his way out in case the heavy door sticks.

"Sure, I build him like dead box for sleeping in it," says the Lithuanian miner. "Pretty soon come tax collector. Sure I build him for dead box. Warm, by gum! She safe, too!"

(C) GYULA HALASZ

Antoine, the French Barber, In the Odd, Glass Casket Which Serves Him As a Bed. Professor Laird Says that People Who Show an Unusual Interest In Coffins and Tombs Usually Have this Strange "Death Complex."

This makes us laugh, but we shouldn't. For it is another manifestation of the death complex which should be foreign to human nature.

Many instances of apparent epilepsy, too, are but subtle expressions of this death complex. The loss of consciousness, sometimes for several hours, and the convulsions of the fit imitating imagined death agonies, are due in a large proportion of instances, to nothing but a too acutely working death complex.

The trances of mediums, and the death-like rigor of patients with the affliction known as catatonic dementia praecox, have also been traced to the death complex. These phenomena, which some persons look upon as showing unusual religious power, are more extreme from the scientific mental point of view than such a modest thing as choosing to sleep in a coffin.

Just about the time the grand jury was investigating the Thelma Todd case in Hollywood, a small sect of fervent religious persons in Detroit were shouting "Hallelujas" because seventeen-year-old Shirley Tapp, daughter of one of the members of the sect, was in a trance-like state for nearly a week.

While the members of the cult were praying and singing hymns around the couch on which the prostrate girl lay she would occasionally stretch out her arms, rigid as a poker, for many minutes at a time. Such rigid gesturing is one of the cardinal things looked for in the diagnosis of catatonia—the death complex in its fullest bloom.

In the case reported by Dr. Moschowitz this strange lure first showed itself in the sixteen-year-old girl jumping into her father's open grave, with this seventeen-year-old girl it was shown in religious fervor. In the old-time revival meetings, so thoroughly studied by Professor William James who founded the psychological work of Harvard University, it was usual for someone to swoon each evening, but they usually recovered from their death complex in half an hour or so. The Detroit miss may well hold a world's record for long-time religious swooning. The half-hour swoon of the "Holy Roller" is small potatoes when placed beside a six-day stretch.

Nothing more bizarre about the death complex can be reported, however, than the conduct of the Emperor Charles V of Germany, who was also King of Spain. Late in life he gave up his royal title and prerogatives, passing these over to his son. The old Emperor took a group of his faithful servants and retired to the Monastery of Saint Justus. This is what history tells us of his conduct at the monastery:

"Here he occupied a few rooms, simply furnished. Retaining only twelve attendants, he commenced the tranquil and contemplative life of a religious recluse. But a mind like his, accustomed to active pursuits, and poorly furnished for abstract speculation, could ill sustain its vigor in such a course of life.

"He became the prey of mental anxieties, grew more rigorous in his devotional exercises, and, not satisfied with the ordinary practices of the cloister, invented new displays of piety. Of these, the most extraordinary was the rehearsal of his own death and funeral rites. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel and caused his obsequies to be performed in his presence."

This, and kindred carrying-ons, are but a form of mental self-annihilation, springing from the hidden death complex. No one in his right mind, of course, wants to die. Kindly old Mother Nature has planted love of life so deep in the hearts of all living things that unless something goes radically wrong with our minds we usually fight with all our powers to remain alive.

She may have understood beforehand how many financial, family, and physical difficulties we would have to face here on earth and took the precaution of making love of life almighty powerful. Yet not even Mother Nature could foresee everything, for certainly, if she had, she would have provided some kind of brake to prevent this very essential love of life from being translated into something else.

I wish Thelma Todd had realized that. If so, she might have been less gay, bust vastly happier. I wish, too, that she had known some of the wisdom of the ancient Chinese, especially their maxim: "Though the life of a man be short of a hundred years, he gives himself as much anxiety as if he were to live a thousand." That bit of ancient wisdom is worth thinking over.

The Fat Man Who Stays In Bed All Winter

ARTHUR E. "TURKEY" GEHRKE, who weighs 215 pounds and runs a tavern in Watertown, Wisconsin, is not what could properly be called a timid man. Yet there is one thing he fears so much he spends half of every year in bed to avoid it—and that thing is pain.

Each Fall when the air begins to tingle with the earliest smell of frost, Mr. Gehrke takes off his clothes, puts on a long flannel nightshirt, and snuggles down under four blankets, three quilts and two comforters—not to mention a sheet and counterpane. Once he has retired for the season, nothing can get him back into his clothes and around on his feet again until the warm breezes of Spring blow through the window.

Mr. Gehrke has been hibernating in this manner for over a quarter of a century, and no one has ever been able to convince him that he does not really have to do it. A lot of people have tried to, including his wife—to whom he has been married for 23 years. But the jolly and rotund tavern-keeper is certain that the least little chill would double him up with unbearable suffering.

In his youth he had no sickness to speak of, but early one morning when he was about 25 he went outdoors while there was a heavy frost on the ground. All at once he commenced to shiver and sneeze, and kept it up for the rest of the day. He put his feet in a tub of steaming water, sat with a buggy rug over his shoulders, and drank hot lemonade. In spite of that, shortly after supper he had a bad attack of cramps. He was sure it was not from anything he had eaten, and decided his cold must have settled in his liver.

Before that, he had not thought much about his liver, since nothing had ever happened to call his attention to the fact that he had one. But he knew he had one then, and he was convinced the colic he felt in it had been brought on by chill. A stiff dose of pain-killer soothed him to some extent, and after several weeks he recovered.

His liver bothered him no more until Fall came around the next year. With the first cold snap, the ache returned, worse than ever, and he had to go to bed. That settled it. He was positive that his suffering was caused by cold weather, and he made up his mind then and there that he would never be caught like that again.

"Aw, shucks!" the Hibernating Innkeeper Said When the House Next Door Caught Fire. "It hasn't caught our roof yet." So He Stayed Calmly in Bed While the Firemen Put Out the Fire.

He reads all the best almanacs, and soon after Labor Day he begins watching certain mysterious signs of his own. When the leaves start turning, an uneasiness takes hold of him, but by following his signs and keeping a close eye on the thermometer, he always manages to get himself bedded down for the Winter before the first frost.

Unlike the bears and other animals that hibernate all Winter, Mr. Gehrke does not sleep continuously during his six months in bed. He reads a good deal, listens to his radio, plays checkers or argues with friends who visit him. Although he eats about the same amount of food the year around, he generally loses around 30 pounds during his long period in bed. He attributes this to the fact that he drinks no beer while under the covers. But when warm days return and he starts drinking beer again, which he finds is an excellent tonic, he quickly makes up the weight he has lost.

He says the mere sight of snow is enough to make him miserable with suffering. One February day a few years ago he happened to look out of the window during a snow storm. He did not mean to, but did it while turning over in bed. Until he saw the white flakes sifting down, he was as warm as toast and as comfortable as a bug in a rug. But the moment he caught sight of them, he shook all over, and a sharp pain doubled him up and made him howl. He ducked his head under the covers and kept it there until someone pulled down the shades. Ever since that happened, his bedroom windows are heavily curtained whenever it sleets or snows.

All efforts to make him get out during Winter have failed. Once he was called as an important witness in a lawsuit, but refused to go to court, so the case had to be postponed until Spring. Another time, in October, he was on a jury. Cold weather came early that year, and when Mr. Gehrke walked out in the middle of the trial and went to bed, the case was held up until May.

One freezing January night the house next door caught fire, burning to the ground. For a while, it looked as if Mr. Gehrke would have to abandon his home. In the midst of the excitement, he raised up on one elbow and peered out of the window.

"Aw, shucks," he said, "the fire hasn't touched my place yet. Roof hasn't even caught."

With that he sank back on his pillow, refusing to budge and leaving the bother of saving his place to the firemen who were paid to do it.

While Mr. Gehrke is spending his half year in bed, his wife runs the tavern and attends to all of his business affairs, and she does not mind this arrangement at all.

"We were married 23 years ago, along toward the end of Summer," Mrs. Gehrke said, in a recent interview. "Six or eight weeks later, Art went to bed and stayed there. That surprised me, for I had not heard about his hibernating mania. But I got used to it, and now I don't mind."

In Watertown, Mr. Gehrke has been a celebrity for quite a while, but in recent years his fame has been spreading. Hoping to catch a glimpse of him numbers of tourists make special trips to the tavern, which is called Gehrke's Roost, and that has caused a big increase in the profits from the cafe and the bar.

Real Milk From An Artificial Cow That Science Built

IN a laboratory in Dairy Hall, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn., there has been set up a crude, home-made apparatus that performs an almost unbelievable function.

It produces milk in the udder of a dead cow. And the milk is the genuine article. Dr. W. E. Petersen, who devised the mechanical cow and made it work, is hopeful that it will help him and other dairy specialists solve some of the points that now bother them about the actual source of milk and how the cow produces it. Scientists throughout the world are watching the results of Dr. Petersen's experiments.

The curious little contraption in Dr. Petersen's laboratory, which has started a buzz of comment and discussion wherever dairy experts get together, is only one phase of a series of major experiments which the Minnesota scientist has been carrying on for 10 years. Most of the work has been on living cows but there were some experiments the scientist could not perform on the live animal.

So Dr. Peterson set about building an apparatus that would, to all intents and purposes, do the work of a cow's milk-producing organs. He wanted to ascertain, if he could, what there was in the texture and functioning of an udder that sucked something from the blood and produced milk. To carry out his experiment, he proposed to use the actual udder and lungs of a cow and to attach these to a mechanism that would make them function the same as they do in the living cow.

First he had to devise a mechanical heart for the heart is the motor within the cow that makes the other organs do their work. In his spare moments at the laboratory and in his workshop at home Dr. Petersen puttered away until he rigged up a contraption that would serve as the "heart" for his mechanical milking experiment. The major problem was to develop a device that would have the pulsating effect of an actual heart. By the ingenious attachment of two arms to his "heart," which is nothing more than a revolving disc propelled by a small electric motor, the pulsation was attained satisfactorily. The apparatus was completed with a "cistern" for a supply of blood, a hot water warming coil and a network of rubber tubes that took the place of arteries and blood vessels.

Just as If He Were Milking a Live Cow, Dr. Petersen Went to Work on the Udder, and Out Came a Thin Stream of Real Milk From Part of a Dead Cow's Body, Rigged With Hand-made Contraptions.

Preliminary tests indicated the apparatus would work as intended and Dr. Petersen was ready to proceed with the actual experiment in producing milk. So one of the University farm cows was killed, its udder and lungs removed and its blood saved. The udder and lungs were attached in the proper places in the apparatus and the blood poured into the "cistern." Water heated to the right temperature was placed in a basin in which a glass coil was inserted. Finally, the rubber tubes were hooked up in their proper places.

The motor was started. The "heart" began to function. Slowly the blood was sucked from the "cistern" into the warm water coil and thence through the heart, lungs and into the udder. Fresh air, of course, had to be pumped into the lungs to provide the blood with the necessary oxygen. In a previous test in which no lung was used it was found that the blood deteriorated because of the lack of oxygen.

Now the crude little apparatus was working smoothly. Blood circulation was being maintained. But the real test was yet to come. Was milk being manufactured in the udder taken from the dead cow? The "mechanical cow" was allowed to operate for a while. Dr. Petersen deftly adjusted springs and levers of the artificial heart so as to get just the right "heart action." The temperature of the water was tested so that the blood which passed through it in the glass coil would have the proper body warmth.

Then, satisfied that everything was functioning smoothly, Dr. Petersen prepared to milk his mechanical cow. The little group of scientists and students in the Minnesota laboratory were as excited over the outcome as were Edison and his associates more than fifty years ago in testing the first incandescent lamp.

Squatting on the floor of the laboratory just as he would in a dairy barn, Dr. Petersen squeezed a teat of the udder and a thin stream of milk squirted into the pail below. The experiment was a success. Milk was being produced from the udder of a dead cow by a hand-made contraption and there was no question in Dr. Petersen's mind that it was genuine cow's milk.

The experiment, for one thing, proved the soundness of the modern theory that milk is actually manufactured in the udder, not sucked there through the so-called "milk veins," as farmers for a long time supposed. The fact is, Dr. Peterson says, that these "milk veins" carry nothing into the udder but rather are the outlet for the blood passing from the udder back into other parts of the cow's system.

What the blood passing into the udder really does, Dr. Peterson says, is to carry the various chemical elements or "food" needed by the udder to carry out its function of producing milk. This he proved to his satisfaction by adding or substracting from the blood certain of these elements, such as sugar, salts and fats, before the blood passed into the udder and then studying the result. He found that the fats are stored in the cells of the udder where they play a major role in the manufacture of milk.

But these scientific excursions into the why and wherefore of milk are incidental to the major purpose of the research at University farm.

"We hope eventually to get a better grade of milk and more economical milk," explained Dr. Petersen. He has spent practically all his professional career at University farm, where he was graduated and where he took both his master's and doctor's degrees. His present title is associate professor of animal husbandry. Perhaps Dr. Petersen may live to see cows removed from the dairy business and great artificial udders set up in dairy factories into which will be pumped chemicalized "blood" to produce ordinary or special "medical milk" for the fat, the thin or the sick.

Couple's Woes Aired In Court Rival "Arabian Nights"

LIKE the lovely and clever princess in the "Arabian Nights," Herbert Henry Sayers and his wife, Mollie, told a surprised Philadelphia magistrate such a fascinating story of their woes in a short hearing one morning that he asked them to come back a week later and continue with more details.

But, unlike Scheherazade, who managed to keep her husband the sultan Shahriyar in suspense for a thousand and one nights with her interesting tales, thus preventing her execution, Mr. and Mrs. Sayers were able to entertain Magistrate Edward Roberts for only three sessions. At the end of that time, he handed them over to Judge Raymond MacNeille and they were sentenced on prosaic charges.

When Mrs. Sayers began her unusual story in the sordid police court where Magistrate Roberts usually disposes of dozens of cases of assault and battery, larceny and petty thievery every day, the court attendants thought they were listening to a romantic woman spinning a purely imaginative story. They had never heard a wife calmly state that when she saw her husband's name in the paper among the persons who had received marriage licenses at Elkton, she had gone right down to the factory where he worked and handed him a pistol with which he might shoot himself.

Then when Mrs. Sayers went on to say that although she knew her husband had had a wife before he had married her, she did not mind that because she herself had had a husband before she had become his mate. Magistrate Roberts himself began to distrust his ears. Amused by the strange incidents which Mrs. Sayers was recounting, the Magistrate called upon Detective Blong, who had been assigned to the case, to state what he had discovered.

Detective Blong only added to the general confusion by telling the court that Herbert Henry Sayers and his wife, Mollie, had both entered the United States illegally, that they had both registered falsely as native-born American citizens last August, and that Mrs. Sayers used the alias of Mary Amelia Martin.

Mrs. Sayers, on Learning of Her Husband's Elopement, Went to His Shop, Handed Him a Pistol With Which to Shoot Himself, and She Says He Promptly Knocked Her Down.

By this time, Magistrate Roberts began to feel somewhat like the medieval sultan. It had been the custom of the Persian monarch to kill his wives on the morning after the marriage, but he had refrained from doing away with Scheherazade merely because he wanted to hear the conclusion of her story. In the same way, Magistrate Roberts was reluctant to send the Sayers to another court for further trial because he himself wanted to know more about their strange and complicated lives.

So far, he had learned that the Sayers had been living peacefully in North Philadelphia and might have gone on living in relative peace were it not for the fact that Mrs. Mollie Sayers is a faithful reader of the marriage license column in the evening papers. It seems that two weeks after Herbert Henry Sayers had gone out of the house without telling his wife his destination, Mrs. Sayers' eyes had chanced upon this interesting piece of news in the column where marriage licenses for Elkton, Maryland, the famous Gretna Green, are listed: "Herbert Henry Sayers, 40, and Margaret S. Austin, 28."

Mrs. Sayers immediately recognized the groom as her husband and the bride as a young girl who had roomed with her and her husband as a boarder not long before.

"Naturally, I was somewhat upset by this item," Mrs. Sayers told the Magistrate. "I married Herbert Henry seventeen years ago in Toronto, Canada. At that time he told me, two months after our wedding, that he had been previously wedded to a girl by the name of Agnes Clark in Belleville, Ontario; but I didn't mind that because I myself had had a first husband in the person of a Philadelphian, Earl Snowden Stewart. But that first marriage of mine really didn't count, because the knot was tied by a 'bogus minister.'

"This Elkton affair is something entirely different. The first thing I did was to go down to the place, where Herbert worked. I took a gun with me. I was not going to shoot my husband; I just wanted to give him the pistol so he could shoot himself."

After Mrs. Sayers told Magistrate Roberts that her husband had thrown her down, that there had been an argument over the possession of the pistol, and that she had been slightly bruised in the ensuing fracas, Magistrate Roberts became even more amused at this tale, which started out as an assault and battery accusation, and took on a grand variety of illeged lawless acts for Herbert Henry Sayers, all the way from an excess of wives to illegal registration.

Magistrate Roberts did not have any more time on the morning of October 17; he, therefore, asked the couple to return later and in the meantime charged Herbert Henry with assault and battery, perjury and violation of the firearms act. He placed both Mr. and Mrs. Sayers under bail.

When the Sayers returned to court, it was disclosed that they had first come to Philadelphia in 1923, had left in 1929, had returned in 1932 and registered to vote in the fifth division of the forty-seventh ward last August, he as a native-born American of Connecticut, and she as a daughter of New Hampshire. Magistrate Roberts again continued the hearing, but finally he gave up hope of settling the tangled affairs of the Sayers couple and handed them over to Quarter Sessions Court.

There Judge MacNeille listened to the strange tale of Mollie and Herbert Sayers. Unlike Magistrate Roberts, he was not amused. He gave Herbert Henry Sayers a sentence of six months in the county jail and gave his wife, Mollie, a suspended sentence.

Refuse From Ships Killing Off Marine Food Supply

MAN is destroying not only the wild life of the land, but of the ocean. In this way he is reducing the food supply of the world, upsetting the natural balance of life and creating new dangers of many kinds.

It was, of course, long ago recognized that man was exterminating large classes of land animals. Many measures were taken to protect the beasts and birds, which have had more or less success.

But it was not then supposed that the inhabitants of the sea and the birds that fly above it were in danger of being exterminated. Yet this danger is now a serious one and it is harder to protect the sea animals than the land animals. At first sight it appears that the ocean is so vast that its life cannot be seriously endangered by man's activities, but the far-reaching deadly effect of a poison thinly spread over the surface has only recently been realized. Ships have for several years been throwing overboard more and more refuse of petroleum, gasoline and other liquid combustibles, which form an oily coating on the surface of the water. This oil produces every year the death of so many thousands of birds that the Conseil International de la Chasse (Sportsmen's International Council), representing several maritime powers, have taken up the matter with a view to stop the evil. The Secretary of the Council, Count W. D'Adix, wrote an interesting article on the subject in a recent magazine.

Various American societies are also trying to stop this destruction of animal life. Leaflets on the subject have been published by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society. In one of these pamphlets, W. Waterhouse, a Massachusetts fisheries guard, is quoted as saying:

"In January and February, 1933, the shores of the island of Nantucket were covered with birds of many species, dead or dying as the result of immersion in petroleum. It was a dreadful spectacle to see these birds lying on the ground with hardly strength enough to move their heads. Every day the tide brought new victims who struggled and died, sometimes suffering for three or four days. In their vain efforts to free themselves from the oil the birds tore out the feathers of their breasts, their principal protection against cold and the water, and so exposed themselves to the Winter wind. I estimate the number of migratory birds dead at Nantucket and the vicinity as a result of contact with the oil at not less than 2,500. Many of these birds are ducks and wild geese."

A fisherman of the same region reports that on one day in March, 1930, at Eel Point, he counted 512 dead birds.

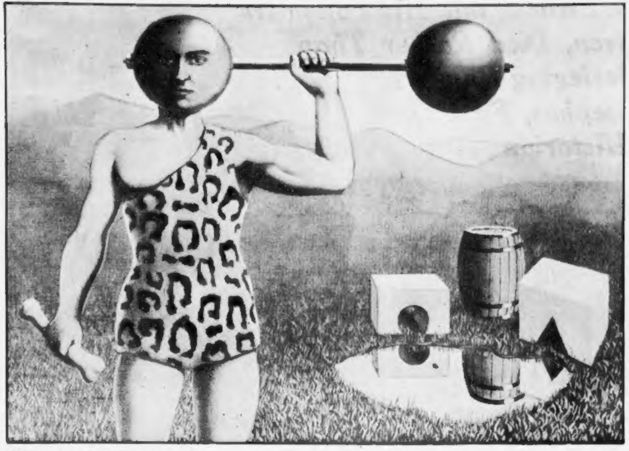
According to Government fishery experts of Great Britain the enormous quantity of liquid waste from ship fuel thrown on the shores of England is seriously injuring the quality of the fish as well as their growth. The activity of the fishing ports is decreasing because the fish are disappearing from the English Coast. When the sea is covered with oil there are no schools of herring or mackerel. Sometimes thousands of young dead fish are thrown on the shore. Examination shows that they all have globules of oil in their mouth. Shrimps, crabs and other crustaceans are destroyed in similar quantities.

France complains of the same kind of injury. Experiments made at Havre by Dr. Loir, Director of the Bureau of Hygiene, show that shellfish, such as oysters and muscles, are not generally killed by the oil waste, but—and this is even more serious—they fall into a condition much more favorable to the development of typhoid bacilli.

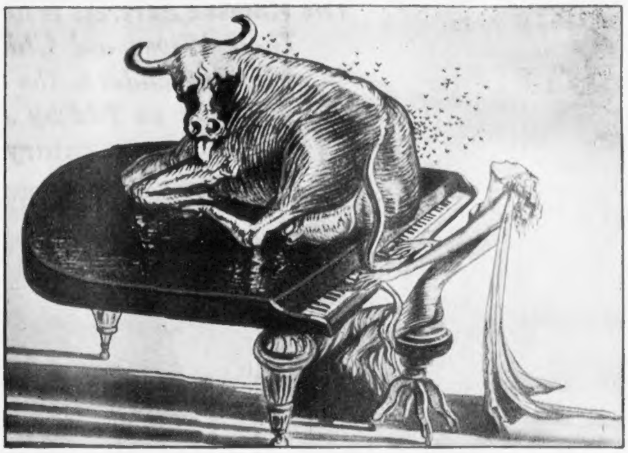
It would not be difficult, it is said, to do something to prevent ships from thus spreading death among wild life. It would be advisable to supply them with apparatus called "separators," which would gather up the fuel waste and permit it to be thrown into the open sea, not, perhaps, a perfect remedy, but better than nothing. The United States Congress in 1924 made it illegal to discharge oil waste near the American coast or within territorial waters, but this law did not achieve the desired object for, according to a witness before a Congressional Committee, out of 5,500 tons of oil waste thrown out beyond the territorial waters outside New York, 930 tons, or about 17 per cent of the total, were brought back by the currents to the shore.

The delegates of 12 governments met at Washington in 1926 to plan international action against the evil. In Denmark, Belgium and Portugal there are laws requiring that ships using liquid combustibles must be equipped with separators. In spite of these laws many ships are yet without the prescribed apparatus, and the British Parliament has brought the matter before the League of Nations. The danger to bird and fish life is said to be growing greater all the time.

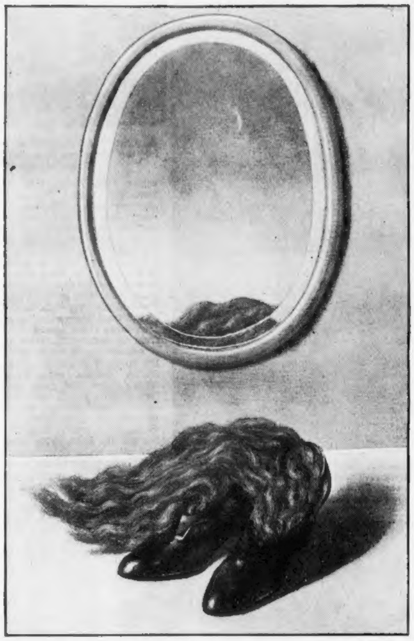
Crazy Paintings by Another Sur-realist Artist



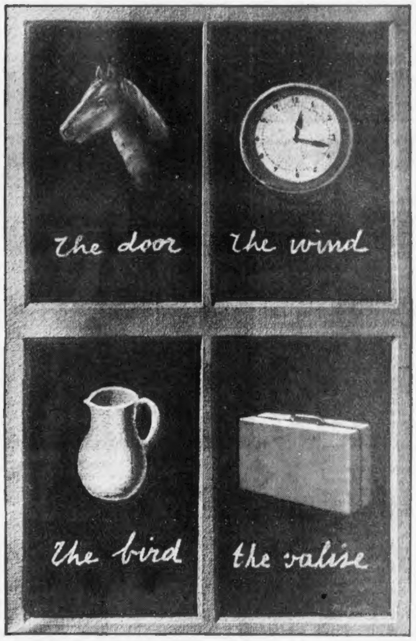
This Painting by Super-Realist Margritte Is a Pun on the Word "Dumb-bell." The Man Is a Dumb-bell, So Margritte Paints Him That Way.



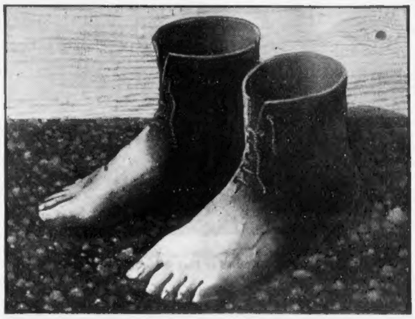
Tin Pan Alley Songs Frequently Deal With the Joys of Country Life. This Is How Such Songs Impress Salvador Dali, Another Super-Realist Painter.



"A Rag, a Bone, and a Hank of Hair" Is How Kipling Described Woman. But to Margritte She Is "Shoes, a Glass, and a Hank of Hair."



The Joke Here Depends on the Element of Surprise. Everything Is Called by the Wrong Name Except the Valise.



These Foot-Shoes or Shoe-Feet Are Either Just a Joke in Paint About Old Shoes or Something Very Symbolic.

READERS of The American Weekly will remember several months ago some extraordinary pictures drawn by Salvador Dali, foremost "super-realist" artist of the moment. A collection of Dali's astonishing paintings were shown in the art galleries of Julien Levy at 602 Madison Avenue, New York, and now in the same galleries is an exhibition of crazy paintings by another super-realist artist—or sur-realist, as the French say—Rene Margritte.

There have been many attempts to explain super-realism in art, and some of the explanations are more fantastic than the paintings themselves. Super-realism, said one expert, is really an outcome of a movement started by the photographic camera. When the camera was first perfected people realized that an absolute physical likeness of a person or object could be produced and they wanted to see this in painting. Then they grew tired of this and painting turned towards abstraction with Cezanne and Picasso, until there came modernistic art with circles and straight lines or patches of fog.

This in turn became boring and so the artists began what they called super-realism. It is painting the subconscious mind and imagination, the photography of an interior mental process.

Super-realism goes far beyond realism and plunges into the realm of the subconscious, the fantastic and even the delirious. M. Dali makes many of his pictures when half asleep, or when waking from a troubled dream. It is a curious fact that the artist himself cannot always explain everything in his paintings and, of course, his pretended admirers can't understand what stumps the artist himself. But never mind.

M. Margritte, the French artist whose pictures are shown on this page, does not take his art work as seriously as Dali. Margritte likes to crack jokes, but instead of making his jokes in language he makes them in paint. Thus the accompanying painting called "Dumb-bell" is one of Margritte's jokes.

"Dumb-bell," thinks Margritte in his subconscious mind, if he has one. "Ha, ha. There are dumb-bells and dumb-bells. People who exercise a lot with dumb-bells and have highly developed physiques are often dumb-bells themselves. Ho, ho! I'll paint a picture of just such a man holding a dumb-bell of which he himself is a part."

So he paints it and here it is. Whether or not the bone in the man's right hand, the cask, the queerly shaped blocks, the pool of water, and the mountains have anything to do with the joke is not known. Most likely they have not, but are just put in to serve as—what Dali in his slangy way calls—"enigmatic elements of landscape."

But why does the artist paint such an absurd picture? What sense is there in it? Margritte would say:

"First of all I do it because it amuses me. But there is an even better reason than that. By showing people things which they can never hope to see I give them a feeling of power, such a feeling as many of them will never get in any other way. How do I do this? It is simple. Before the days when airplanes were as common as they are now there were moving pictures which gave the illusion of flight. Seeing them, people had the illusion of doing something which in their sober minds they knew they could not do. They could not fly and yet they were experiencing the sensations of flight. It made them feel good, powerful, free as a bird.

"My paintings do the same thing. People see the man with the head of a dumb-bell and they laugh. It makes them feel good. I am helping them to see the impossible and as a result perhaps they will go out and punch someone in the nose whom they would not have dared to punch before or they will kick up their heels in church or say Boo! to a policeman. All this will be good even though it gets them into trouble for a while."

The painting of the shoes which are not only shoes but also feet is a more serious joke. It seems to say that the clothes people wear for a long time finally become parts of them and develop a life of their own. Or perhaps it is even more symbolic than that. Perhaps it says that though human beings have dressed themselves up in shoes and clothes they are still, in the face of Heaven, naked, pitiful creatures doomed to suffering, to walk barefoot on jagged stones. Or if the reader can think of an even better explanation, let him. Margritte will not care. He has painted the shoes as feet or the feet as shoes and he is content. Maybe somebody will buy the picture.

Still another of the paintings is of shoes—this time with hair growing out of them. And there is a mirror in the background. The title of this picture is "Difficult Insult." Here again the interpretation is obscure. Perhaps Margritte is giving his idea of the essence of woman, hair, shoes, and a looking glass. After the woman is gone these three things will remain: the glass into which she spent so much time looking, the hair she spent so much time having dressed, and the shoes she spent so much time selecting.

Rudyard Kipling paid women a similar backhanded compliment in his famous poem, THE VAMPIRE. The first stanza goes:

> "A fool there was and he made his prayer
> (Even as you and I!)
> To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
> (We called her the woman who did not care)
> But the fool he called her his lady fair—"

Margritte has changed the "rag and a bone and a hank of hair" to: shoes, a glass, and a hank of hair. But it is still a woman to his mind.

The painting which looks like a child's slate divided into four compartments each containing an object and a name depends for its comic effect on the element of surprise. The horse's head is called a door; the clock, the wind; the pitcher, a bird; and then when the observer is all ready for the valise to be called a whistling monkey or a jackrabbit, Margritte fools the viewer by calling it—a valise.

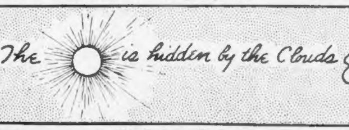
But if Margritte has fantastic ideas about painting pictures, he has even crazier theories about words and names of things. His idea is that one name for anything is as good as another. If it suits anybody to call a horse a door—go right ahead and call the horse a door; it won't do the horse any harm and may make the person less of a slave to habit.

Some examples of this absurd theory are given at the bottom of this page in a series of pen drawings by Margritte with the names attached. For some reason it suits this super-realist to call the leaf of a tree a cannon. A shapeless spot of white is the sky; and yet again what is evidently a pear is labeled a cannon. In the same incongruous way a flower is named a mountain. But if everybody is going to call an object or animal by any name he pleases, then nobody would know what anybody else was talking about—if leaves are cannons and pears are also cannons and flowers are mountains. More or less this same sort of thing happened during the building of the Tower of Babel when the job came to a standstill because the workmen could not understand each other. Perhaps M. Margritte never happened to read that Old Testament story.

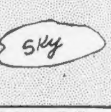
Margritte occupies a position in painting somewhat similar to that of the men in Hollywood who are hired to think up funny situations. He thinks up "gags," and as fast as he does so his fellow super-realists borrow them for their own paintings. Dali, for example, will frequently borrow a Margritte idea. But this is not plagiarism in the strict sense, because when the gags reappear in Dali's paintings they have ceased (for better or worse) to be just gags. Dali gives them a bath in his subconscious and brings them up meaning something entirely different, and looking, at times, the worse for wear.

On this page is reproduced one of M. Dali's masterpieces of absurdity to show how this other famous super-realist artist works.

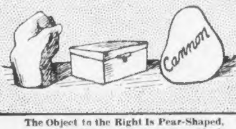
Margritte Thinks That a Leaf Might Just as Well Be Called a Cannon. It Would Not Hurt the Leaf.


The is hidden by the Clouds

In This Sentence, He Says, a Drawing of the Sun Serves as Well as the Word "Sun."

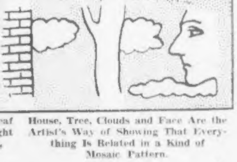


And Here, He Remarks Sadly, the Word Sky Simply Means Sky.



The Object to the Right Is Pear-Shaped, But the Artist Says It Is Just as Much a Cannon as the Hand Is a Hand or the Box a Box.

If a Pear-Shaped Object or a Leaf Can Be a Cannon, a Flower Might as Well Be Called a Mountain, Margritte Thinks.



House, Tree, Clouds and Face Are the Artist's Way of Showing That Everything Is Related in a Kind of Mosaic Pattern.

Masada Found, Scene of Self-Sacrifice 1900 Years Ago

The Ancient Fortress Where Eleazor and His Followers Their Wives and Children, Died Rather Than Surrender to the Besieging Romans, as Told by Josephus, First Century Historian

How Soldiers of an Early Day Laid Siege to a Fortress and Captured It by Scaling the Walls in the Face of the Defending Enemy. (From an Old Print.)

Rather Than Permit Them to Fall Victims of the Cruel Roman Soldiers, the Leaders of the Followers of Eleazar at Masada Slew Their Own Wives and Children. Josephus, First Century Historian, Tells of This Heroic Tragedy in "The Wars of the Jews." (From an Ancient Print.)

An Early Art Conception of a Phase in the Siege of Jerusalem, Showing the Defenders Atop the Walls of a Fortress and the Opposing Force Approaching to the Attack in Mass.

OLD JOSEPHUS, author of "The Wars of the Jews," was such an interesting writer that a modern man has made a highly successful novel out of his life and writings. But critics have argued that Josephus sometimes romanced when he wrote history.

Now, however the spade of the archeologist has confirmed one of the most thrilling stories Josephus ever wrote—the story of the capture of the fortress of Masada, in Palestine, and how the garrison killed themselves to the last man and woman except two old women and five children, rather than surrender to the Romans.

Masada was built under King Herod on top of a high hill and was the strongest fortress known in the Orient at that time. Josephus describes its defenses with extraordinary detail. It was impregnable at the time it was built, a secure refuge for a hated King in a world of enemies and might have remained impregnable throughout ancient times against any army with less engineering skill than the Romans.

The rebellion of the Jews against the Romans soon after the Saviour's time brought many hard problems to the world masters. After they had conquered and sacked Jerusalem they had to wipe out one band of desperate Jewish patriots after another. Many of the Jewish fighters were known as sicarii, a formidable combination of patriots, zealots, assassins and bandits.

The Jewish leader Eleazar, a man of great courage and resource, retired before the Romans to Masada with a force of 960 sicarii, including women and children prepared literally to resist to the last. Though a bandit, Eleazar was as eloquent a preacher as Henry Ward Beecher, as the long quotations of his speeches by Josephus show.

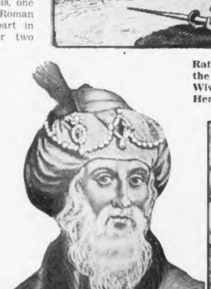
The Roman general L. Flavius Silva had ten times as many men as Eleazar and an inexhaustible number to call on. He found Masada could not be stormed in a hurry and so he camped and built a fort higher than the walls of Masada on the only clear piece of ground. From this he could catapult rocks, burning pitch, boiling oil and all kinds of deadly combustibles upon the doomed fortress in addition to shooting an inexhaustible supply of arrows. He could breach the wall and could not be stopped.

Now Professor Adolf Schulten, of the German Palestine Union has laid bare the stones of Masada neglected for 1,900 years. The hill forms a high isolated plateau 2,080 feet long by 1,050 feet broad. From the top of its steep sides the Dead Sea can be seen lying far below on the East. On the Northwest and Southeast are the deep gorges of the Wad-el-Hafaf and the Wad-es-Seyal, divided by a rocky saddle, and beyond is the waterless crags of the wilderness of Judea.

On the summit of the plateau the professor found the remains of Herod's palace, the gardens, the storehouses, the cisterns and the defenses. Down below the lines of the wall can be clearly traced. On the flatter land sloping toward the Dead Sea the wall is set at intervals with towers. On the North, West and South the wall crosses deep ravines and climbs to the summit of lofty cliffs.

But a short distance behind the wall are the two largest camps each containing a superficial area of about five acres which must have held the Roman legionaries. In addition to these there are six smaller camps which were probably garrisoned by auxiliary troops. The great mound, which sealed the doom of Masada, rises from the saddle on the West, and near its base is the enclosure where the material for the final assault was assembled.

Although built for temporary occupation the walls of the camps have lasted well to the present day. The Tenth Legion Fretensis, one of the most famous Roman organizations, took part in the siege, and their two camps have been traced from their superior construction. The Roman military force numbered about 8,000, assisted by 2,000 non-combatants. They occupied about thirteen and three-fourth acres and must have been packed like sardines.



Josephus, Whose Story of Masada Has Come Down to Us in His First Century Writings.

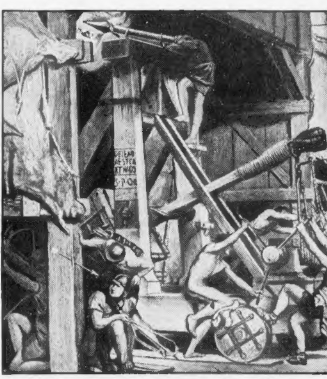
Josephus describes the original founding of the fortress of Masada in these words:

"The rock was encompassed with valleys of such vast depth downward that the eye could not reach their bottoms; they were abrupt, and such as no animal could walk upon excepting at two places of the rock, where it subsides, in order to afford a passage for ascent, though not without difficulty.

"Upon the top of the hill Jonathan the high priest, first of all built a fortress and called it Masada; after which the rebuilding of this place employed the care of King Herod to a great degree; he also built a wall round about the entire top of the hill, seven furlongs long; it was composed of white stone; its height was twelve, and its breadth eight cubits; there was also erected upon that wall thirty-eight towers each of them fifty cubits (seventy-five feet) high; out of which you might pass into lesser edifices, which were built on the inside, round the entire wall."

Josephus makes some surprising statements about the provisions laid up in the fortress and says the air was so pure the food would remain good for a hundred years.

"Here was laid up corn in large quantities, and such as would subsist men for a long time; here was also wine and oil in abundance, with all kinds of pulse and dates heaped up together; all of which Eleazar found there, when he and his sicarii got possession of the fortress by treachery.



One of the Effective Instruments of Roman Warfare Was the Catapult, Which Was used to Hurl Great Missiles at the Walls of an Enemy Fortress.

"These fruits were also fresh and full ripe, and no way inferior to such fruits newly laid in, although they were little short of a hundred years from the laying in these provisions (by Herod) till the place was taken by the Romans; nay, indeed, when the Romans got possession of those fruits that were left, they found them not corrupted, all that while; nor should we be mistaken, if we supposed that the air was here the cause of their enduring so long, this fortress being so high, and so free from the mixture of all earthly and muddy particles of matter."

Then Josephus describes the Jewish rebellion and the work of reducing this terrible fortress:

"When the Roman commander, Silva, had built a wall on the outside, round about this whole place, and had thereby made a most accurate provision to prevent any one of the besieged running away, he undertook the siege himself, though he found but one single place that would admit of the banks he was to raise; for behind that tower which secured the road that led to the palace, and to the top of the hill from the West, there was a certain eminency of the rock, very broad and very prominent, but three hundred cubits (450 feet) beneath the highest part of Masada; it was called the White Promontory.

"Accordingly he got upon that part of the rock, and ordered the army to bring earth; and when they fell to that work with alacrity, an abundance of them together, the bank was raised, and became solid for two hundred cubits (300 feet), both in breadth and height. The other machines that were now got ready were like to those that had been first devised by Vespasian, and afterwards by Titus, for sieges.

"There was also a tower of the height of sixty cubits (ninety feet), and all over plated with iron, out of which the Romans threw darts and stones from the engines, and soon made those that fought from the walls of the place to retire, and would not let them lift up their heads above the works. At the same time, Silva ordered that great battering-ram which he had made to be brought thither, and to be set against the wall, and to make frequent batteries against it, which with some difficulty, broke down a part of the wall, and quite overthrew it. However, the sicarii made haste, and presently built another wall within that, which should not be liable to the same misfortune from the machines with the other; it was made soft and yielding, and so was capable of avoiding the terrible blows that affected the other.

"It was framed after the following manner: They laid together great beams of wood lengthwise, one close to the end of another, and the same way in which they were cut; there were two of these rows parallel to one another, and laid at such a distance from each other as the breadth of the wall required, and earth was put into the space between those rows.

"This work of theirs was like a real edifice; and when the Roman machines struck, the blows were weakened by its yielding; and as the materials by such concussion were shaken closer together, the pile by that means became firmer than before. When Silva saw this he thought it best to endeavor the taking of this wall by setting fire to it, so he gave orders that the soldiers should throw a great number of burning torches upon it; accordingly as it was chiefly made of wood, it soon took fire, and when it was once set on fire, its hollowness made that fire spread to a mighty flame."

But the Romans were not to triumph, for on the very day they entered the fortress, Eleazar persuaded all his followers to kill themselves in a great speech, in which he said:

"Why are we afraid of death, while we are pleased with the rest that we have in sleep? And how absurd a thing is it to pursue after liberty while we are alive and yet to envy it to ourselves where it will be eternal?"

The sicarii were so convinced that patriotism required them to kill themselves that they could hardly wait for Eleazar to finish, as Josephus says:

"The husbands tenderly embraced their wives and took their children into their arms, and gave the longest parting kisses to them, with tears in their eyes. Yet at the same time, did they complete what they had resolved on, as if they had nothing else for their comfort but the necessity they were in of doing this execution, to avoid the miseries they were to suffer from their enemies. Nor was there at length any one of these men found that scrupled to act their part in their terrible execution, but everyone of them dispatched his dearest relations.

"Miserable men indeed were they, whose distress forced them to slay their own wives and children with their own hands, as the lightest of those evils that were before them. Then, esteeming it an injury to those they had slain, to live even the shortest space of time after them, they presently laid all they had in a heap and set fire to it. They then chose ten men by lot out of them, to slay all the rest; every one of whom laid himself down by his wife and children on the ground, and threw his arms about them, and they offered their necks to the stroke of those who by lot executed that melancholy office; and when these ten had, without fear, slain them all, they made the same rule for casting lots for themselves, that he whose lot it was should first kill the other nine, and after all, should kill himself.

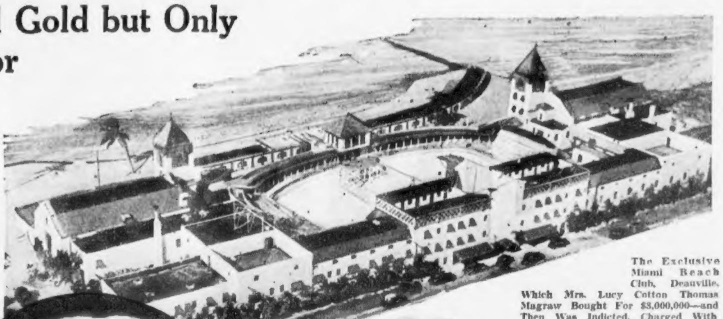
"Accordingly all those had courage sufficient to be no way behind one another, in doing or suffering; [illegible], for a conclusion, the nine offered their necks to the executioner, and he who was the last of all, took a view of all the other bodies, lest perchance some or other among so many that were slain should want his assistance to be quite dispatched; and when he perceived that they were all slain, he set fire to the palace, and with the great force of his hand ran his sword entirely through himself, and fell down dead near to his own relations.

"So these people died with this intention, that they would not have so much as one soul among them all alive to be subject to the Romans. Yet was there an ancient woman, and another who was of kin to Eleazar, and superior to most women in prudence and learning, with five children, who had concealed themselves in caverns under ground, and had carried water thither for their drink, and were hidden there when the rest were intent upon the slaughter of one another. These others were 960 in number, the women and children being withal included in that computation."

When the Romans broke into Masada they were astonished at the spectacle that met them. Death had conquered and proved a greater power than Rome. They forbore to indulge in the jubilations and insults over the vanquished usual after a victory and acknowledged the unconquered valor of the sicarii with bowed heads.

Surprising Mrs. Magraw's $100-a-Plate Golden Dinner

Even the Plates Were to Be Solid Gold but Only the Lady's Bankrupt Husband, for Whom She Shaved Off All Her Lovely Hair, Was Able to Pay the Price


The Exclusive Miami Beach Club, Deauville, Which Mrs. Lucy Cotton Thomas Magraw Bought For $3,000,000—and Then Was Indicted, Charged With Running a Gambling House.

Lucy With Her Hair Growing In After She Had Shaved It To Please Her Present Husband, Who Is Her Fourth.

Photo Herbert Mitchell N.Y.
Mrs. Lucy Cotton Thomas-Ament-Hann-Magraw As She Is Today.

Mrs. Magraw When She Was Just Lucy Cotton, Poor Working Society-Girl, Beginning Her Stage Career.

Mr. Magraw, Who, Despite His Wife's Wealth, Is Going Through Bankruptcy.

The Picturesque Florida Home of the Magraws, Near Miami Beach, Florida.

IT WAS just another grand idea gone wrong, in a lively life, just full of such things, when Mrs. Lucy Cotton Thomas-Ament-Hann-Magraw invited twenty-four guests to celebrate the President's birthday by eating gold fish and golden pheasants from fourteen-karat solid gold plates given by her first and most lamented husband.

To everyone's surprise and the hostess' bitter disappointment, all of the guests, except her present husband, Mr. William M. Magraw, sent regrets. Their excuse was that she wanted each to pay $100 for the golden meal and that it would not be worth it unless they could take home one of the golden plates as a souvenir. Without this privilege, they would pay from $5 to $7.50, but no more, regardless of the fact that it was at New York's expensive Central Park Casino.

Even that one and only faithful $100 guest, friend husband, presumably had to be written off as a "dead-head" because he had just testified at a bankruptcy hearing that he hadn't a cent in the world to pay his former wife's $10,000 claim against him.

The idea, of course, was not to get her own name and lovely countenance in the papers again, any more than it was in 1934, when becoming indignant at the appearance of gray hairs, she shaved her head until it was as bald as that of Mr. Magraw. The big dinner event was in honor of President Roosevelt and the profits over expenses were to go to his infantile paralysis fund.

There are so many people afflicted with exhibitionism who would gladly pay $100 and eat rattlesnake meat from a ten-cent store plate if their names and faces would be published, as lovely Lucy's guests had every reason to expect would happen. She must have invited the wrong people. Either they lacked the $100 or the exhibitionism.

As a matter of fact, the expense involved in providing this golden opportunity was so high that $100 a head was almost reasonable. It cost Mrs. Magraw the $200 she contributed for herself and husband, not counting her golden dress, just to get those plates ready to be placed on the table.

They had been in storage for ten years and though gold is not supposed to tarnish, something had happened to dim their beauty so that they had to be polished, which could be done safely and properly only at a Fifth Avenue jeweler's. It required an armored car and guards from storage to the jeweler's, the jeweler's to the restaurant and back to storage again, including the services of an accurate and honest counter and packer.

Arrived at the Casino kitchen, though polished, they would have to be washed, like common chinaware, but this could not be done by ordinary dishwashers. It would have to be performed by specially-bonded ones, approved by the insurance company. Nor could the job be done in the same room where other dishes were washed because some intruder might be tempted to snatch a gold soup plate and run. The ceremony would require a private locked room guarded by specially honest detectives.

Ordinary waiters might not do either, to carry the treasure to the table and back, for fear that someone might mistake a solid gold butter chip for one of those old-time hundred-dollar-gold-piece tips he had heard about. Therefore detectives, under heavy bond, and disguised as waiters, would have had to be employed. Altogether it is easy to see that it would cost a good $200 to get the service ready to serve.

"Just think, we haven't been able to find anyone in all New York willing to contribute a hundred dollars to the President's birthday charity!" said Mr. Magraw to Mrs. Magraw sympathetically. "It is the limit."

But it wasn't, because the worst was yet to come. An anxious-looking young man, with something in his hand, was directed by waiters to the table where the Magraws sat with some guests they had assembled at ordinary dinner rates. Perhaps it was a message from Washington, thanking her for her heroic effort.

Alas, no. It was a process server who spoiled what little appetite she had left, by handing her a summons and complaint in a suit brought by artist Alvin Pollard, demanding $1,000 for a painting of President Roosevelt. He claimed that she had ordered it but changed her mind when she saw that her golden dinner was going to be a failure. Mrs. Magraw says she merely promised to take the painting if she liked it. She thinks it does not look like the President but that may not be a legal excuse for not liking it because some of the English sculptor Epstein's portrait statues do not even look human, yet he gets paid for them.

When this uninvited guest had been thrown out, Mrs. Magraw could think of only one thing left to save the occasion from being 100 per cent inauspicious. At least there seemed to be no reason why she could not make the speech which she had carefully prepared. Rising from her chair she began:

"I wish to say a few words in behalf of a prominent citizen—"

At this point her voice was drowned by shouts of "sit down!" from other tables. Mrs. Magraw continued to stand, sternly indignant, until somebody inspired the orchestra to add a saxophone cackle to the noise. At this point Mr. Magraw was seen kindly but firmly persuading his wife that even wealth and beauty cannot beat the band.

The booing was not an affront to the lady nor to the chief executive's birthday. It was simply that the guests were paying plenty for their refreshment, they were there for pleasure and thought they had done nothing to deserve having public speaking inflicted on them. It was a heart-breaking day for Mrs. Magraw but then it is always that way. Who ever heard of a child's birthday party that some youngster did not go home crying? And anyway, wasn't everybody supposed to turn in everything but his gold fillings and wedding ring before the dollar was debased?

Lucy Cotton began her career as a poor working society girl, an actress, appearing in "Up in Mabel's Room," "Turn to the Right" and "The Quaker Girl" and with George Arliss on the screen in "The Devil" and "The Green Goddess." But her greatest success was in matrimony, where she began at the top, in 1924, by marrying Edward Russell Thomas, very wealthy publisher of the old New York Morning Telegraph. He died in 1926 and for those two years of married life she was able to settle her dower rights for $1,099,000 besides several other melons. Her daughter Lucretta gets $80,000 a year income until she is 21, and then Lucretta's lucre will be a lump sum of $27,000,000.

Not long ago a surrogate was so unkind as to insist that not more than $100 a day should be charged to the girl's living expenses. Mrs. Magraw might well have invited her daughter to that $100-a-plate party.

At Washington the widow attended a dinner given in honor of Queen Marie of Roumania and Her Majesty introduced Lucy to a Col. Lyton Ament. This Royal introduction seems to have caused love at first sight because they were soon married in 1927 and spent the honeymoon in the Queen's castle in Bucharest.

Who could believe that in such romantic surroundings a bridegroom could tell his beloved to go to hell and that nobody tolerated her except to get something out of her?

Yet that was what she told the Reno Judge in 1930. She made even the hard-boiled divorce colony sit up and take notice when after receiving her decree she "threw a big party" inviting not only the judge but even the opposing lawyer who had represented the colonel.

On February 7, 1931, she married Lieutenant-Commander Charles Hann, Jr. and, three days less than a year later divorced him. All of these first three marriages were performed by Rev. F. D. Clark, of Towson, Maryland. As far as known this is a world's record because most matrimonial repeaters dislike to keep showing up before the same parson. But Lucy was so pleased with the results of the first knot he tied, that she gave him two more chances. However, a year after divorcing her third husband, when she married Magraw, artist, and newspaper man, she had the ceremony performed elsewhere.

Her fourth husband's previous wife, Mrs. Flora Hinman Magraw, sued him for $10,000 on a promissory note. He consented to have judgment entered against him for that amount but before it could be collected had himself declared bankrupt. Meanwhile he was living in a huge suite at an expensive and exclusive New York hotel with his rich wife and surrounded by every sort of luxury. It was money, money everywhere but not a cent of it belonged to him, he claims, so he could not pay the former wife's judgment.

This did not seem reasonable to the ex-wife's attorney, William J. Rapp, who took the bankrupt before Referee Robert P. Stephenson. Mr. Magraw had stated that he had no assets, but Mr. Rapp thought a millionairess wife might have some cash value, besides meals, so he asked the following questions and received the following answers:

Q. You have been wearing jewelry? A. I lost practically everything I had. Yes, I wear jewelry. I wear occasionally a set of studs.

Q. What kind of studs? A. Sapphire and platinum. Sometimes I wear a sapphire and platinum ring, sometimes a watch and all the jewelry that belonged to the late E. R. Thomas.

Q. Any other jewelry? A. I have worn other watches, has this any particular bearing?

(At this point John J. McGinty, attorney for Magraw, suggested, "Let him ask you if you ever wore your wife's tiara.")

Q Weren't you presented with some jewelry? A. I have been offered some but I wouldn't accept. Those things are souvenirs.

In 1934 Lucy made the magnificent gesture of buying the famous $3,000,000 playground of the rich, Deauville, at Miami Beach, Florida. Just how much actual cash changed hands is not known but she announced that it was to keep this beauty spot open to humanity. And humanity was so unkind as to respond by indicting her, her husband and several others for running it as an alleged gambling joint. She was vindicated at the trial but just for that took it away from humanity and leased it to Bernarr Macfadden.

That was a great and memorable year for Lucy. In March she stupefied society by shaving her head. Her explanation was that gray streaks had tempted her to dye it. "Dyed hair is a deception and it looks like the devil from above." Since hair cannot be undyed save by bleaching, which is another deception, she removed it all and wore wigs instead. Mr. Magraw, who is bald, said reverently:

"I worship beauty and am a fastidious man. I am also a tall man, and when I dance with a woman and see where the part in her dyed hair needs retouching, it is like finding a fly in my soup. I think it is wonderful that she should sacrifice her hair at my wish. If she wants to she can wear red, green, or purple wigs, it is all one with me, and I know she will choose whatever shade will best enhance her perfect features."

Mr. Magraw is the sweetest husband in the world. He even refers to his wife as Mrs. Thomas because she was best known as the wife of that particular husband. In June Mrs. Magraw or Mrs. Thomas announced herself as backer and manager of Steve Hamas, who might have someday become heavyweight boxing champion if Joe Louis and several others had not rudely gotten in the way. There was talk of matching him against Mrs. Madeleine Force Astor Dick Fiermonte's Enzo, but Enzo is a trifle too light and Lucy says the humane society would not allow it.

Lucy is constantly being sued. Firing a woman companion with the alleged statement that she came from the gutter and could now go back brought a slander action for $150,000. The death of a maid in Mrs. Magraw's apartment caused a judgment for $607 to a funeral parlor which claimed she had promised to pay the funeral expenses.

During prohibition when a Fifth Avenue, New York, dress shop sued for $4,761, Lucy denied that she had bought any hats or dresses there but declared that the goods were really bootleg liquor. The dress shop people said they never handled anything but drygoods, and she was mixing in a bootlegger for spite.

Little things like suits don't bother Mrs. Magraw, even when Charles Rosenbaum, a former attorney of hers, won a judgment for $9,345. But she was shocked beyond utterance that one of the items was "for consultation over contemplated divorce from Magraw."

Why—the very idea!

Lucy and her husband indignantly denied that there had ever been a vague thought of divorce, much less of asking a lawyer's advice on the subject.

THESE BEAUTIFUL BATH TOWELS
GIVEN AWAY

big, fluffy, super-absorbent **BATH TOWELS** *in beautiful pastel colors made especially for Seminole by the famous* **CANNON MILLS**

ACT QUICKLY

500,000 TOWELS GIVEN AWAY!!

Get Your Supply Now!

Send only 4 Seminole Tissue wrappers and 12c for each towel to cover postage and handling.

Get As Many Towels As You Want While They Last . . . But ACT NOW!

This offer expires May 31st, 1936

Here's exciting news for every homemaker: Now you can get big, fluffy, super-absorbent Bath Towels in the new pastel shades for Seminole Tissue wrappers. And you can get as many as you want . . . *but you must hurry!* Just send 4 Seminole wrappers and 12c for each towel, to cover postage and handling. Address to Seminole Paper Corp., Department A, P. O. Box 829, Chicago, Ill. And be sure to tell us what colors you prefer . . . either Jade, Gold, Coral or Turquoise. (Please indicate both first and second choice.)

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These handsome Bath Towels are made by the famous Cannon Mills—makers of the finest towels. Just think of the surprising value this amazing offer brings you. Every towel is full standard bath size and double-thread weave for longer wear . . . softer, more absorbent. Don't delay!

Buy Seminole Tissue Now . . . Don't Wait

Seminole Tissue is on sale this week at your Grocery, Drug or Department Store. Order your supply now for the coming weeks and get your Bath Towels quickly—Remember—only 500,000 will be given away.

COTTON-SOFT SEMINOLE TISSUE IS SUPER-ABSORBENT AND SAFE

Seminole gives your family a bathroom tissue that is absolutely pure—sterile and safe. Every roll of snow-white Seminole Tissue is fully wrapped, ends and all . . . to safeguard against dust and germs. Every sheet is cotton-soft and super-absorbent. And Seminole Tissue is always economically priced.

Better Because It's—

- WHITE AS SNOW — COTTON-SOFT
- PURE — STERILE — SAFE
- FULLY WRAPPED — ENDS AND ALL
- EVERY SHEET SUPER-ABSORBENT
- 1000 SHEETS TO THE ROLL (NOT 650)
- ALWAYS ECONOMICALLY PRICED

SEMINOLE COTTON-SOFT SNOW-WHITE TISSUE

SEMINOLE PAPER CORPORATION . . . CHICAGO, ILL. . . DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY

Where There Is No Will

by Curtis B. Leland

Where There IS a Will, There Is a Way—But Some Times, Where There ISN'T, There's a Still Better Way.

A Short Story of a Country Doctor's Decision. Complete in This Issue.

"You're the only human being I give a damn about. You're not out to skin and cheat everybody, like the rest of these lying schemers, and your hospital is a good cause. If the property is handled right you can count on about $600,000."

DOCTOR WILL WHIT[illegible] the county's most useful [illegible] He hadn't [illegible] McKinley was President.

Years ago [illegible] full of illnesses [illegible] every month [illegible] People paid him when [illegible] was seldom. In [illegible] from his house [illegible] box. He had borrowed [illegible] he once had visited in New York [illegible] stitution. They [illegible] asked how [illegible] You put in what [illegible]

"Some of [illegible]," the doctor told his old friend Andrew Latham, "[illegible] have a bigger hospital [illegible]"

"Sure [illegible] all we need [illegible]"

Latham [illegible] they played [illegible] He once had been [illegible] competent [illegible] the doctor [illegible] the mythical Hartshorn Hospital. [illegible] the county [illegible] It was a magnificent [illegible] for [illegible] sick [illegible]

One [illegible] the doctor's free-will box. [illegible] Grover C. Aspin [illegible] the richest man [illegible] including [illegible] everybody but [illegible] for hating.

At least once a week for the past ten years Grover had [illegible] He [illegible]

Doctor Whittle [illegible] every time he called by [illegible] a hospital [illegible] enjoy [illegible]

M[illegible] was [illegible] "Why, if I could [illegible] a coat [illegible] I'm [illegible]

"[illegible] That's the way [illegible] If [illegible] on [illegible] It's [illegible] who always pretend they're [illegible] I [illegible]"

Grover's [illegible] Fred [illegible] told the doctor the only [illegible] was that he allowed [illegible] of ten cents a visit. Fred swore his uncle never put a penny more than that in the box.

"Hush, boy," the doctor admonished. "It don't sound right to be talking about your own uncle that way."

"The old nickel-[illegible]," said Fred. "I'll say it to his face."

Doctor W[illegible] everything he could to keep peace [illegible] with an eye to future [illegible]

Fred [illegible] to college [illegible] of [illegible] estate [illegible] bankers [illegible] supported [illegible] Her father was Doctor Whittle's [illegible] Andrew Latham.

Doctor Whittle [illegible] going. [illegible] between [illegible] his nephew [illegible] had a lot [illegible] well [illegible] when he [illegible] his [illegible] once [illegible] Andy Latham. They [illegible] until [illegible] the time [illegible] Doc Whittle [illegible] way to [illegible] he got his [illegible]

Old Grover Aspin had never [illegible] Latham. They had been [illegible] when Andy was county [illegible] And Grover was not slow in voicing his opinion of Latham's [illegible] Alice. He hated her [illegible] than [illegible] Collector of Internal Revenue.

"Why, the [illegible] the cheap schemer!" raged Grover Aspin. "[illegible] Fred for my money, [illegible] Well, I know her, Will Whittle. I'll show her! She'll never get her fingers on a nickel."

"Oh, I don't [illegible] that kind of a girl, Grover," said Doctor Whittle [illegible] "I think she's a very [illegible] sort. Pretty, too. But she's a dutiful daughter. She takes care of her dad."

"Well, she can keep on taking care of h[illegible]," [illegible] Grover. "I won't [illegible] that's a certainty—my money won't."

The [illegible] between uncle and nephew. The wonder was that Fred continued to live with him. He was Fred's mother's brother, perhaps that was why, and his housekeeper, Mrs. Notley, a [illegible] woman of sixty, did much to smooth the [illegible] Grover was trustee of the small holding Fred's father had left him, and the principal was not to go to Fred until he was twenty-five. But even if he had had it now, it wouldn't have been enough to hasten his marriage to Alice Latham. For there was not only Alice—there was Alice's father, who earned nothing.

Doctor Whittle hated this business. He puckered his brow over it. There was always one thing or another. Young people [illegible] things that made the old people [illegible] and vice versa a lot, too. Old Grover had no right to [illegible] the way he was acting. It was Fred's business who he wanted for a wife. Fred was the one who had to live with her, not old Grover.

Well, [illegible] over with Andy Latham one of these nights. Doctor Whittle went to the Latham home of an evening whenever he could spare the time, with the blueprints of the shadowy Hartshorn Hospital. They [illegible] Fred [illegible] a Water [illegible] glass for the roof so the ultraviolet [illegible] could sift through.

"[illegible] Andy," said the doctor. "That's going to [illegible] I can't afford it."

"What's forty or fifty thousand dollars more?" demanded Latham with a chuckle. "While we're building [illegible] we might as well shoot the moon [illegible]"

"Well, [illegible] look here, Andy," said Doctor Whittle. "[illegible] just a paper dream [illegible] There's a lot of deceased millionaires [illegible] itching to give us a couple hundred [illegible] this hospital. All we have to do [illegible] thousand in Hartshorn to match [illegible]"

"When [illegible] happen," said Latham with a grin, "when [illegible] All right, Doc, if you feel that way about it, it [illegible] throw in that new air conditioning system [illegible]"

[illegible]

Doctor Whittle [illegible] It seemed the subject had not been brought [illegible] to Andy's attention as yet.

It [illegible] happen in very ugly and theatric fashion a few days later. For it was then that Grover Aspin [illegible] hatred, went to call on Andrew Latham.

"What do you want here?" demanded Latham.

"I [illegible]," shouted Grover, shaking his cane, "to call [illegible] that fortune-hunting daughter of yours that's [illegible]"

"[illegible] do you mean by that?" asked Latham.

"[illegible] trying to marry my nephew because she thinks [illegible] money, but it won't work, Latham. I [illegible] to tell you that I'll cut him off, so help me, without a penny."

"Get out of my house," snapped Andrew Latham, whose [illegible] his spine.

The [illegible] of old Grover would not have amounted to much, perhaps, if it had not happened that Alice Latham was home and overheard it all.

She told Fred Emory next day that they would have to forget each other: she was going away; she had asked to be transferred to a school on the other side of the State.

Fred cross-questioned her desperately. She burst into tears, but she would not tell him what really had caused her to change. She even let him go away thinking despairingly that another man was involved. But he was to hear the truth directly from his uncle, for old Grover told him maliciously what he had done.

The servants in the Grover Aspin residence had never heard such lurid language as they heard that night. Old Mrs. Notley trembled violently as she held her door ajar [illegible]

[illegible] crashed [illegible]

"You [illegible] going [illegible] what [illegible] you [illegible]"

[illegible] but [illegible] went back [illegible] he had [illegible] trouble was the [illegible]

Fred [illegible] chair [illegible] suddenly [illegible] called for Mrs. Notley. She swiftly clicked the telephone hook and asked for Doctor Whittle's home. Doctor Whittle [illegible] he [illegible]

Mrs. N[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] had [illegible] Mr. Latham."

[illegible] Come over [illegible] to that [illegible]"

"[illegible] You're the [illegible] But I've got [illegible]"

"[illegible] all right."

They [illegible]

[illegible] to [illegible] back.

[illegible] He [illegible] the [illegible] over the [illegible] he has [illegible]

On the [illegible] Mrs. Notley that [illegible] the doctor called [illegible]

Doctor Whittle [illegible] very yellow and [illegible]

"[illegible] a whisper.

"What [illegible] encouraged."

[illegible] very weakly.

"[illegible]" [illegible] Doctor Whittle, strapping his [illegible] on the patient's lean arm. "I've told you [illegible] too darn mean to die this [illegible]"

"Don't [illegible] Will Whittle," snapped Grover. "I [illegible]"

"You [illegible] eight or ten years that I [illegible]"

[illegible]

"What [illegible] Have a cheating lawyer [illegible] few words [illegible] Look in that [illegible] some paper."

[illegible] that's all I [illegible]

Grover [illegible]

"Do you [illegible] in my right [illegible] everything [illegible]"

"Your [illegible] you're [illegible]"

"Write [illegible] I, Grover C. Aspin [illegible] being [illegible] my last will and testament, hereby [illegible] and all other wills heretofore [illegible]"

"[illegible]" Doctor Whittle. "[illegible] legal enough."

"I know the [illegible] direct that all my just debts [illegible] by my executor hereinafter [illegible] as soon as practicable."

"Wait a minute now," begged the doctor. "Don't carry me so fast."

"Item Two: I give, devise and bequeath all the rest and residue of my property [illegible] kind and character, whether real, personal or [illegible]"

[illegible] a second [illegible]

[illegible] factor, Wil[illegible] Whittle, M.D. [illegible] Hospital of Hart[illegible]

[illegible] only, the paper [illegible] You can't [illegible] that?"

"What's the [illegible]?" [illegible] Grover Aspin [illegible]

[illegible] Grover.

"You're the only human [illegible] about. You're not out [illegible] the rest of these lying [illegible] If the property is handled [illegible]"

"Grover, [illegible]" Doctor Whittle [illegible] like that. He's your [illegible] boy."

"Do you want [illegible] Or do you want [illegible] where?"

[illegible] Grover [illegible] their [illegible]

[illegible] at the [illegible] Grover [illegible]

[illegible] and placed a reassuring [illegible] "All right, all right, Grover," he said. "[illegible] right, now. Go on [illegible] down anything you say."

Grover [illegible] "I've got less strength than [illegible]" [illegible] gasped. "And I want to get [illegible]"

He dictated [illegible] Doctor Whittle continued [illegible] Grover [illegible] passed it back to the [illegible] Grover [illegible]

[illegible] Aspin [illegible] the copy [illegible] hand [illegible]

Grover [illegible] Notley [illegible] what I want [illegible] to your hospital."

"Grover, you're [illegible]," said the doctor. "I believe you meant it, Grover."

"I never wanted [illegible]," said Grover Aspin harshly. "I'm [illegible] I'm sick of people [illegible] for the contemptible old man [illegible] breath they [illegible] him."

"It's not as bad as that," [illegible] soothingly. "You just imagine that, Grover."

The patient was scribbling again in his checkbook. He seemed working under the influence of a powerful stimulant. His eyes burned with [illegible]

He tore out a second check. "This is for you, doctor, your private personal account. You're [illegible] Will Whittle. You let people [illegible]" He burst into a fit of

(Continued on Page 1[illegible])

Fred Cross-Questioned Her Desperately. She Burst Into Tears, But She Would Not Tell Him What Really Had Caused Her to Change.

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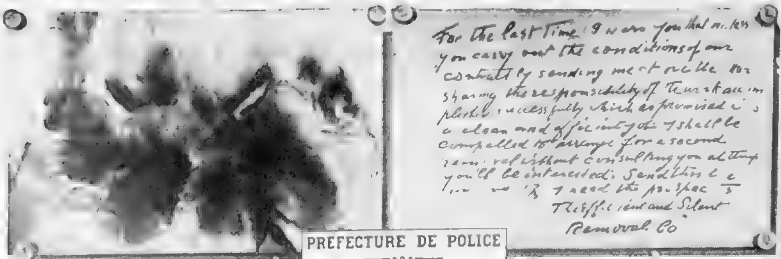
New Secrets of the Sureté, The French Detec



For the last Time I warn you that unless
you carry out the conditions of our
contract by sending me at once the [illegible]
sharing the responsibility of the work accom
plished successfully which as promised is
a clean and efficient job I shall be
compelled to arrange for a second
removal without consulting you although
you'll be interested. Send this [illegible]
[illegible] I need the prospec[illegible]
The Efficient and Silent
Removal Co

The Charred Document Recovered by Levallois, and the Reconstruction of the Message Made By the Detective.

PREFECTURE DE POLICE

Direction de la Police Judiciaire

MR. H. ASHTON-WOLFE is well known to the readers of The American Weekly. For many years he was associated with the famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Paris Surete (French Detective Police), the foremost of all modern scientific detectives. Once more Mr. Ashton-Wolfe has gone over his notebooks and the records of the Paris Detective Bureau, and in this new series now gives further examples of how the unerring instruments of science in the hands of highly trained men often uncover the most carefully concealed trails of criminals and clear up the most baffling mysteries.

"The stories which I have selected for this series can be found in the official records. Some of the details have been set forth in dramatic form and purposely changed in order to avoid giving pain and reopening old wounds or for other reasons," Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writes.

"I have myself taken part in the investigations or the final trials of most of the criminals. Several of the cases I have specifically selected because of the ingenuity displayed both by the law-breakers and the investigators."

Claudine Oddo, the Plucky Girl Who Risked Her Life For the Surete Detectives.

CHAPTER I.

By H. Ashton-Wolfe

Former Assistant of the Famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Surete (French Detective Police)

"I SAY, mon vieux, what do you make of this?" Detective Levallois asked, as I entered my laboratory at the Surete Headquarters, and pointing to a scrap of paper on the table, torn and charred as though it had been a last minute rescue from a fire.

I gingerly flattened out the stained and crackled relic. There was writing on it, and to my surprise it was obviously English, but it was impossible to decipher more than a few words here and there. Turning it over I saw on the back the printed prospectus of a French firm evidently specializing in furniture removals and warehousing. "Removals with speed and efficiency." I was struck by the unusual phrasing. "Neat work—no bungling!"

Using the lens I held the written side close to my lamp.

"-o- th- l-st t-m- I w-r- yo- th-t u-less --- ---ry -ut t-- c-n-it--n- -f o-r c-ntr-ct -y -end-ng me -t o-c- t-e --tt-r sh--g t-- r-sp-n---ty of --e --rk accom---- -s-c--ssf-lly -h-ch -- -r-m-s-d w-s a cl-an -nd ef--c--t j-b I sh--l b- comp-ll-d t- arr-ng- -or a s-c--d rem--l w-th--t c-ns-lt-ng y-- al--gh y--ll b- -nt-r-st-d.

S-nd t-is b- [illegible] I n-ed t-e pr-s-ec--s.

"Th- E--ic--nt -nd Sil--t Rem-v-ls Co."

"Well, what is there extraordinary about the thing except that it is in English?" I asked when I had laboriously spelled out aloud as much of the fragmentary scrawl as I could.

"Because you think it's just an ordinary kind of business letter [illegible] step on the brake pedal. [illegible] your gray matter. I have reconstructed the [illegible] to my version:

"'For the last time, I warn you that unless you carry out the conditions of our contract, by sending me at once the letter sharing the responsibility of the work accomplished successfully, which as promised was a clean and efficient job, I shall be compelled to arrange for a second removal without consulting you, although you'll be interested. Send this by return immediately. I need the prospectus.

"'The Efficient and Silent Removals Co.'

"What do you say to that?" And my friend's voice rose to an excited squeak.

"Hm! You're taking a lot for granted, my friend. You've added a good few words and the text may have been quite different. But even so, what about it? Where did you find the blessed thing anyway?"

For answer Levallois picked up a morning paper.

"Before I answer your question," he said, "let me read you a little article; you'll find it has a bearing on the case."

About a week ago, he read, a tramp burst into the ambulance station at Versailles, frantic with terror and crying that someone had shot him. In proof of this he indicated a charred patch on the back of his ragged coat. But upon examination there was found neither wound nor bruise on his grimy skin; the house surgeon was about to hustle him contemptuously into the passage when the man suddenly became convulsed, clammy sweat poured down his face and he was violently sick.

Dr. Marin, a specialist from Indo-China, who happened to be there on a visit, at once examined the tramp, who seemed dazed now and was undoubtedly very ill. "If this were not France," the doctor declared, "I'd treat the poor fellow for snake-bite; he has all the symptoms. Perhaps he was bitten by an adder or a viper?"

Coffee was thereupon given, and later a quantity of alcohol, and when the man had recovered somewhat, he related that he had been hunting among the villas dotted here and there along the fringe of the Versailles woods in the hope of finding food and shelter. He had finally discovered an outhouse that was unlocked and had entered, intending merely to sleep there, but hardly had he stretched himself in a corner when the owner appeared and attacked him with a stick, driving him away.

Unable to find another shelter in the dark, he had crawled into the lee of some bushes, and slept soundly until well into the morning. He had been awakened by a deep voice muttering what sounded like curses in a foreign tongue, and immediately after a dreadful pain had flashed over him from head to foot, and he thought he heard a slight detonation. The pain swiftly became so dreadful that he felt sure he had been shot.

"Well, whatever caused the pain, it was no bullet, although the tramp died the same day,' Levallois concluded, throwing down the paper. "So far no one has discovered what killed him. The post-mortem revealed no trace of poison and the man's death remains a mystery. The doctors say he died of an imaginary wound—and booze.

"My second story is about the accident that cost St. Etienne, our crack racing driver, his life. You remember the account I suppose? St. Etienne was trying out a new eight-cylinder Anzani and was pelting along at a good seventy miles per hour when the car was seen suddenly to hurl itself over the embankment, roll down the steep hillside and fetch up against a tree. When the car jumped, the unfortunate driver was flung high into the air, striking the ground close to the smashed car.

"He was dead when help arrived a few minutes later, yet he had no fatal injuries apart from a broken arm he was only bruised. The doctors looked wise as usual and finally diagnosed shock and heart failure. The experts who examined the car declared emphatically that nothing had been wrong with the mechanism; it is thought therefore that St. Etienne must have lost control because of momentary brain or nerve paralysis. He undoubtedly let go the wheel while traveling at a terrific speed along the straight road to Pierrefonds. I'm coming now to that bit of paper.

"St. Etienne was at daggers drawn with his financial backer Desmoulins, who was brought up in England and had married an English wife, and it was she who had caused the trouble—for Desmoulins accused the motorist of having stolen his wife. He was indeed heard by many people, to threaten St. Etienne. Said he'd get him somehow, ruin him socially and financially, and when a chance offered—kill him.

"Now Desmoulins was in the crowd that cheered St. Etienne as he started off. Several people saw him shake his fist after the car, and someone said his face at that moment was that of a triumphant devil—whatever such a face may be. He started off after the Anzani in his own car, and those who arrived first on the scene of the accident declared that he was dancing about the blood-stained body and laughing like a madman.

"There's a limit even to what an outraged husband may do, you understand, and—well—if he hadn't got away quickly the crowd would have lynched him.

"I was near there as it happened, and the whole episode struck me as very queer, so having a pretty good car myself, I followed Desmoulins. He drove at such speed I lost him, however, and late at night a call came through that Desmoulins had been found lying in a ditch beside his Mercedes car, some miles outside Dijon.

"I raced there thinking he had been murdered, but there was neither sign of foul play nor of suicide—again nothing! Like the tramp, he was just dead. I did find a little charred circle—not on the body this time, but on a rug in the car—might have been made by a carelessly handled cigarette. Also—he had been violently sick as he got out—and in the lining of his jacket, where it had slipped through a hole in the pocket—I discovered this prospectus!"

"Why is it charred in parts then?" I asked.

"I'm coming to that; Desmoulins had evidently sat with the edge of his jacket resting on the rug just over that little burnt circle, which proves it had smouldered for a while with the car standing."

"Why standing?" I asked, curiously.

"Because the inevitable bumps and jolts would have prevented the coat from catching, and in rubbing over the charred spot it would have scattered and extinguished the sparks."

"All right—your reasoning's good—but that's not all—you're keeping something up your sleeve I can see. Come on—spill it out!"

Levallois shook his head: "Sorry—but it's too early in the game yet. You'd merely scoff. Bertillon can tell you if he likes. But you begin to realize, I hope, to what kind of 'removals'—'clean, silent and efficient'—this note and prospectus refers, hein? My subconscious is nudging me all the time and whispering: 'Get busy, Francois, you're warm—there's more to this than meets the eye.'"

"Rubbish! Are you suggesting Desmoulins paid an assassin to shoot St. Etienne as he flashed past?"

"No—oh, no! Nothing so crude. I told you there was no sign of foul play. How runs the note? 'A clean job'—quite right! It was a clean job!"

I could not help teasing my friend when I saw him so much in earnest. "Perhaps Desmoulins gave him cyanide to sniff instead of smelling salts as he lay by the smashed car, and later inhaled it himself, hein? Pipe dreams—you're crazy, mon vieux!"

"I'm crazy, eh? All right! Then explain why a steel-nerved driver like young St. Etienne let go his wheel, and why he was dead before he hit the ground? How did the tramp die—and what killed Desmoulins—who met his end, I expect, because he hadn't the sense to keep quiet, and by dancing triumphantly about his dead rival endangered the 'removal' man?"

"Rot! In the case of St. Etienne I should say it was nervous inhibition—isn't that the latest phrase?" I shrugged my shoulders. "As for the others—hello—there's my bell! The chief wants me."

"We found Bertillon ready fo
box, mahlstick and palette. His
his moustache well waxed, whilst t
looked grubby and dissipated.

"I had dressed in the manner o
whilst Levallois was fearfully got u,

"Surrounded by an admiring c
when Muller slipped in, cleverly dis
one shoulder by a strap, and settled

"I'll come, too," Levallois grunted. "He at least doesn't think I'm crazy."

There was a dreamy, introspective look in Bertillon's eyes as he greeted us and waved his hand towards a mound of dossiers. His typist was feverishly busy at another table scanning our files for the year of Le Journal and Le Matin, and the heap of back numbers by her side attested to a good day's work done already.

"Well, Francois," Bertillon began. "For once I believe your queer intuition was justified, although you know you are inclined to exaggerate at times."

"You have found something definite, sir?" The little detective interrupted eagerly.

"Oh no—no such luck! Merely a few more vague indications—so vague indeed that if we acted on them we should both be sent to Charenton Asylum with the loonies. But here is something—a parallel case that happened some seven months ago. Where's that cutting? Aha—here we are: Mysterious death of Mademoiselle Elise Rathe.

"You've heard the name I expect? A heartless man-hunter, who looked upon the whole male species as created solely to supply her with the good things of this world. Not above threats and blackmail to gain her ends. Her maid, who had been called away suddenly to a sick mother, found Mademoiselle Elise in the morning, crumpled up by the side of her bed—dead! No trace of foul play, but every sign that she had been taken suddenly and violently ill. She had probably tried to summon help, but for some mysterious reason neither bell nor telephone seemed to have functioned that night.

"No trace of poison, either, but an observant juge d'instruction noticed that the fringe of her dressing gown was singed. The investigation was thorough because the woman's magnificent jewels had vanished and have not been found to this day. There's one more item to which I shall refer later.

"Now for something more exciting," Bertillon continued. "You remember that strange business of Baron von Simientoff a few months ago in Berlin. He had been working on a new law, which, had he signed it, would have practically ruined the company running the famous Vestoyi-

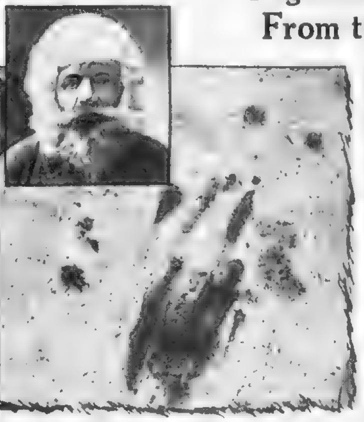
tive Police

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of the Police Laboratories of Paris, and Associate of the Famous Dr. Bertillon, Gives Some More Striking Examples of the Scientific Detection of Crime, Together With Photographs From the Official Records

; night's adventure; he was dressed as an artist, complete with paint
'd had been gummed at the edges to change it from square to pointed,
lines of his strong face had been cleverly altered so that somehow he

f the merchant seamen, who come to Paris regularly to spend their pay,
, arrayed in an apache's jersey and peg-top trousers.

ourd, Bertillon had just begun a sketch of the Cafe des Rapins's barmaid
guised as an itinerant musician, his leather instrument case hanging over
down to an evening's drinking."



The Old Tramp Who Was Killed As an Experiment, and the Burn Smear On the Coat of the Unfortunate Man.

Mr. Ashton-Wolfe Disguised As a Seaman, With Bertillon in the Disguise of a Typical Montmartre Bohemian Artist Who Usually Makes Enough To Lead a Lazy Life by Sketching People In the Night Cafes.

PREFECTURE DE POLICE

Direction de la Police Judiciaire

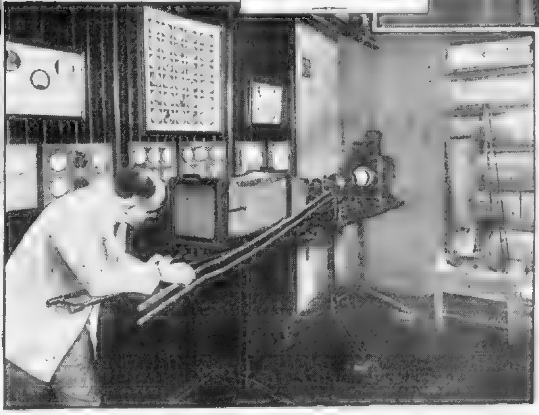


Photo-Microscopic Camera For Enlargements and Research Work In the Police Technical Laboratory.

ewski oil wells. His death saved the company rom an absolute smash, and the shareholders rom very considerable losses. It was the Baron's xtraordinary personality as also his ruthless otism, that had swept negotiations swiftly along o their climax.

"He was quite well and optimistic at two clock, and at three when he was to have signed e fatal document, he lay dead in his study. here were rumors of assassination, naturally, t nothing came of them since there was no n whatever of criminal intervention. It was stroke—une embolie—the doctors declared. I ve no other details since it happened abroad, t I'm making a point of inquiring if the usual arred circle or stain was seen.

"Queer, eh, these coincidences? You'll laugh me and ask what that burnt prospectus in Desoulins's pocket has to do with such banal and perhaps absolutely normal deaths? They happen ery day, and if we were to see a bogey-bogey murder in every natural—even if at times opportune—demise, we'd be in a lunatic asylum in a onth. Yet, somehow—like friend Levallois—I ve a presentiment that there's something very nister behind all this.

"I have been patiently working out a queer theory that I'll not explain now, which had as tarting point a mysterious epidemic among dogs nd horses, a year ago in Versailles. The dogs d the horses recovered—which fits in pertly with my theory. Ma foi! It gives one furiously to think. Of course, it may be all moonshine; if it isn't we have a superhuman task before us. The worst of it is that for once our formulae fail entirely: There's no 'cherchez la femme' alas! Nor anything else."

Turning to his secretary, he said: "You'd better get someone to assist you, Mademoiselle, to go carefully through the principal French and foreign dailies every morning. Any reports of nysterious deaths or even of apparently normal leaths that are out of the common like those I've just described, must be cut out and put on my desk. I shall 'circularize' the news agencies and all the gendarme stations.

"It is a pity the paper in Desmoulins's pocket has been so badly burned, but maybe if you make a number of negatives and intensify them, you may bring out some of the missing words and letters so that we shall be sure of the context and perhaps discover who printed it. Ask Lebrun to analyze the handwriting and to make you a character chart."

Dismissing us with a wave of his hand, Bertillon settled down again to his work.

Several days passed without any further developments of the, to me, incomprehensible investigation which I honestly believed would turn out to be a mare's nest. Then one evening, returning from a hurried meal to the laboratory, I heard the acid notes of Levallois's beloved instrument again, his ocarina, and found him sprawling in my favorite chair. He looked up with the apologetic air of a child caught stealing jam:

"What's the matter, Francois?" I asked. "Has your famous flair failed you?"

"Non, mon ami, on the contrary, our case is marching and marching splendidly. We are on the track of another natural death, and the chief's gathered so many queer details that I had to make a little music whilst putting my thoughts in order. He is waiting for you now. Louys and Rousseau are with him, so if you are ready, come along."

Bertillon looked up with a pleasant smile when he saw us, but his face was drawn and haggard and there were deep, black circles about his eyes.

"I'm afraid I'm getting old," he said, wearily. "Four hours sleep a night no longer seem sufficient. Ah well—" with a sigh, "if I can only lay the monster I'm after by the heels, I shall have justified the gifts nature gave me.

"Your photographs were fairly clear, and I had great hopes for a time of finding the firm that printed this prospectus. I've had men combing Paris and the suburbs for days, but I know now it was printed by an amateur. We have, however, traced the sale of a small handpress, and there luck has helped us. It is true I found no one answering the description of the man who bought the press, probably because he disguised himself, but he forgot to disguise his car; it was the first real progress on this long and weary journey.

"I believe the handpress was bought by a Swede named Stjornsen or Sternson from a second-hand machine-tool dealer in the Rue de L[illegible] and I've been sifting the life-story of the Swede through a fine sieve. A strange, secretive fellow. Supposed to be an amateur naturalist, he buys all the books on secret poisons and the art of the savage medicine man he can find. He has traveled much in the East, and in Melanesia. A man of strange moods who at times delights in the company of tramps and ap[illegible]. At Versailles, where he had a small villa, he frequented only the lowest taverns.

"His views are communistic and I have noted some of his utterances, which are to say the least—peculiar. Here for instance [illegible]." And Bertillon read from a paper before him.

"It is the power to destroy with impunity that makes a man as great as God. Attila the Hun, and the Borgias, will live longer in the memory of man than Pasteur or Metchnikoff."

Bertillon looked up with a smile: "Quite a sardonic philosopher, eh? Here is another: 'To be able to snuff out the life of an enemy—pouff!—like blowing out a candle—is a marvelous sensation.'

"I'm told he said 'is,' and not 'must be' or 'would be.' Those who knew him well say the fellow is sly and a hypocrite, pretending to lead a severely moral life whilst in reality he runs after every pretty face he sees.

"A curious fact, however, and one worth noting, is that the women fear him despite his generosity in the way of money and trinkets."

"As usual your investigation shows a marvelous gift for detail and tenacity, but surely, Monsieur, there is nothing in all this to connect the man with actual murder!" I could not help saying.

"No, perhaps not—but what about this?" And my chief slapped down the twin of the pink sheet found in Desmoulins's pocket.

"Silly of him—was it not, to overlook such a trifle?" he chuckled. "Louys is very thorough; he found this in his garbage can. You'll say it's no proof either for a juge d'instruction! The prospectus may have been sent him. Granted—but to my mind, when added to the countless other trifles I've gathered—it's conclusive. For instance, the outhouse which that poor tramp entered belonged to Stjornsen—and there's the curious epidemic among the dogs at Versailles."

"Dogs—?" I said, dazedly, "yes—you mentioned them before, what about the dogs?"

"Oh—merely that a number of big dogs died suddenly and mysteriously, and that many horses sickened in the same way, although they recovered—which fits in absolutely with my theory. You see, if there's a murderer at large—and if he has discovered a new and subtle poison—he had to try it out. He realized, of course, that to experiment only on human beings would be too dangerous, hence the dogs. It all fits [illegible].

"Another queer little detail is that this Swede has been buying live rabbits and pigeons by the dozen; but there were no rabbits or pigeons in his garden, although his greenhouse contained a number of giant spiders, scorpions and centipedes—a nice kind of hobby, eh?"

"You mean—?"

"I mean nothing [illegible], but you begin to see the drift of my inquiries. We know today that certain insect poisons, classified as glucosides, do not crystallize in the body and therefore cannot be [illegible] no one has thought of making [illegible] synthetically, but there's no reason [illegible].

"[illegible] is dangerously near home: A girl named Antoinette Villars dies as usual, suddenly and mysteriously, and according to the doctors—of heart trouble, but there are rumors that she had been the Swede's sweetheart and that they were to have been married. It's all no good, however—we've got to catch the fellow red-handed.

"It's true he's supposed to have left the country, but that's not worrying me. There was someone as sharp and quick as ourselves to connect up Desmoulins with the death of the racing motorist St Etienne's sweetheart, Claudine Oddo; and when Desmoulins also died, she felt convinced a certain mysterious German of the name of Karl Muller had a hand in both deaths. I have not yet heard her reason for this, but she followed up her intuition and discovered things about Muller.

"For instance, a weakness for red hair and a habit of spending his nights in apache dens. Had she only known it—that same weakness was the Swede's also. A long and patient inquiry showed me that the big German was friendly with Elise Rathe the last few weeks before she died and that a man named Muller was a passenger on the steamer on which the Baron traveled on his way from London to Berlin, where he died.

"In fact, wherever this Muller crops up, a mysterious death is sure to follow. He has grown

(Continued on Page 20)

Where There Is No Will

Where There *IS* a Will, There Is a Way— But Some Times, Where There *ISN'T*, There's a Still Better Way.

by Curtis B. Leland

(Continued from Page 11)

derisive laughter. "Want me to tell you something funny, Doc?"

"I always [illegible] Grover."

"Well, I don't [illegible] now that for ten years I [illegible] calling at your office [illegible] free medicine [illegible] dropped a [illegible] your box. That's how [illegible]. The old [illegible] gan co[illegible]

[illegible]

Fred Emory sat [illegible] the front row. With him sat Agnes Latham, and their hands were clasped.

Doctor Whittle, who hated [illegible]

[illegible]

When [illegible] over the [illegible] short [illegible] house.

The fire truck [illegible] up to Doctor Whittle's home, and smoke was seen issuing from the doctor's house office at the side of the lawn. The doctor had just driven down the street when somebody had yelled at him and pointed at his office.

A [illegible] extinguisher smothered the fire before it could do [illegible]. Nothing was destroyed but the contents of a [illegible] Doctor Whittle's desk [illegible] of the [illegible] The [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Fred Emory [illegible] Doctor Whittle.

The [illegible] Fred on the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Doctor Whittle, so I [illegible] happened."

"[illegible] what happened?" in-quired [illegible]

"[illegible] darned will business," said Doctor Whittle, wryly ges-turing toward his blackened desk. [illegible] Doctor [illegible] to depend on. I am [illegible] Grover ought to have [illegible]

"What [illegible] mean, Doctor?"

"[illegible] and stay a while [illegible] I'll tell you. [illegible] to see [illegible] he [illegible] make [illegible] said he [illegible] want [illegible] with a lawyer. So I said [illegible] Grover, that's a little [illegible] but if I can help [illegible] had an [illegible] his safe and he got me [illegible] original and dupli-cate. He never did believe in safe deposit boxes, your uncle didn't. Well, he made me sit [illegible] a new will for [illegible] dictated. And do [illegible] I'm the [illegible] Fred!"

"[illegible] Doctor!"

"[illegible] of [illegible] that will to the probate court right away or [illegible] I went and [illegible] here both [illegible] it didn't go [illegible] burned up. But don't worry, Fred," the doctor raised his hand reassuringly—"It's all right. I went to see Lawyer Truman, and he says it's all just the same as though nothing had happened."

"I don't know that I should be interested," said Fred, almost listlessly. "I know he didn't mention me in it, Doc."

"Oh, yes," said the doctor, chuckling. "He didn't mention anybody else hardly. It was a very short will and I almost remember it by heart."

"Doctor, don't you think I ought to go [illegible] in Agnes Latham [illegible] so you and Fred can [illegible] over privately?"

"Oh, no, you stay. You've got an interest in this too. I was going to say it was a very short will and [illegible]

[illegible] necessary."

"And [illegible]," urged Agnes, who was squeezing Fred's arm.

"Let me see," said the doctor [illegible] He looked at Fred and Agnes [illegible] for a [illegible]

"Oh, Doctor, you're [illegible] to [illegible]," chided Agnes.

"[illegible] I give and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] What [illegible] what [illegible]

Agnes Latham [illegible] to cry, and Doctor Whittle stood by her and patted her on the shoulder.

"Oh, we just had a good long talk," replied the doctor. "He wasn't very mad with you, Fred; he just lost his temper that time."

"And to think [illegible], Agnes Latham, that we were so unkind."

"Yeah, Grover was sorry for a lot of mean thoughts too," said Doctor Whittle. "[illegible] with me and I don't want my money to cause any bitterness when I'm gone,' he says."

"I don't want it," cried Fred vehemently. "I won't take his money. You can have it, Doc, for your hospital, every cent."

"Now, now, Fred." The doctor laid a hand on his shoulder. "That's not the spirit, boy. That's not the way to receive it when a man's dying wish is one of goodwill and penitence. Some time later, if you want to—well, this town does need a little hospital, fifteen or twenty beds. We'll talk it over, Fred, if you want to help us get it started. Now off with you both. I've got a call out in the country and then I've got to go see Andy Latham. How is he, girl?"

"He's fine," said Alice Latham, and she kissed the doctor. "He said he was feeling so well today that he finished something for you—those plans he was working on, or something."

"Well, now, that's great. That's great."

Fred Emory [illegible] his hand. "You heard what I said, Doc—it's yours, all or any part of it."

"Shoo!" said the doctor. "I can't talk business now."

He stood in the doorway of his office and watched [illegible] as they went down the street, as two in a dream. He ran his quick nervous fingers through his hair and smiled as he smiled when he saw that a patient was making the grade.

"Grover Aspin," he said, aloud, "wherever you are, you ought to be thanking God you had a good liar for a doctor."

The End.

Widower, 106 Years Old, Wants a Bride

UNCLE JERRY COMBS, a 106-[illegible]

[illegible]

But Uncle Jerry doesn't ex-pect to [illegible]. He could easily be taken for a man of 70, and he says he feels like a man of 40. In fact every year he feels younger and he keeps right on working just the same as he always did.

"I just can't keep [illegible]," he says. "The one thing I can't stand is idleness. I've got to be doing something all the time. Keep on a-working and never go backwards, that's my motto."

In his 106 years, Uncle Jerry has accomplished a lot, and among the mountain folk of Ken-tucky he is rated as a rich man. [illegible] he is [illegible] He has [illegible] stocks.

[illegible]

[illegible] There was nobody to [illegible] him, nobody to [illegible] and make him [illegible] no matter much after all. He knew it did not matter a great deal but he needed somebody to tell him so.

When he got to pondering over all of that he suddenly realized that what he needed was a wife. He has 16 [illegible] sons and [illegible] daughters, all living. As for grandchildren, great-grand-children and great-great-grand-children, he has so many he can scarcely remember all of their names. In fact he must have close on to a thousand descend-ants, all told. But all of them that are old enough have places of their own. So he finally de-cided that despite his age, the best thing for him to do was marry again.

He went over to see one of his boys about it. He went over to see John, who is past 80 him-self, and he walked all the way over and all the way back, a dis-tance of 20 miles. He has plenty of horses and mules, but he pre-fers to walk.

"It's healthier," he says, "and besides you meet a lot of friends on the way."

The day he went over to see John there was snow and ice on the ground, but that did not bother him. His step is firm and steady and he does not know what it means to fall down.

John was naturally a bit sur-prised when he heard what his father had in mind, but he knew the old gentleman too well to try to argue him out of it.

"Marriage is a serious propo-sition," John said. "A man has got to be mighty careful when picking out a life partner."

"Don't you worry about that," Uncle Jerry replied. "I know what I want, and I'm not going to take any substitutes. I'm not going to do anything foolish."

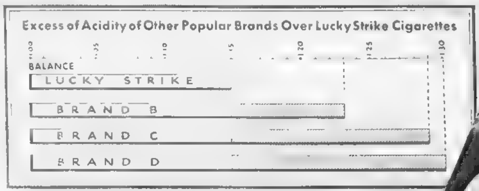
So Uncle Jerry went to town and had his picture taken, and now he is looking for a young wife. He says he is as healthy as he ever was, and the only thing that bothers him at all is his eyesight, but that really does not make any particular differ-ence to him because he is usually too busy to give much time to reading. His long life, he says, is due to plenty of exercise, living next to nature, breathing fresh mountain air, and drinking a moderate amount of pure moon-shine whisky every day.

Luckies

a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"

Luckies are less acid



STANDARDIZED UNIFORMITY

The simple mechanical details of cigarette manufacture are of surprising importance. Upon them depend the physical properties of the cigarette, such as weight, size, firmness, moisture-holding properties, uniformity of fill—uniformity of product—all of which have a far-reaching effect on the character of its combustion and the constituents of its smoke.

In the manufacture of Lucky Strike Cigarettes all of these properties have been standardized with care for the perfection of A LIGHT SMOKE.

LUCKIES ARE LESS ACID!

Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%.

*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS . . .

"IT'S TOASTED"—Your throat protection—against irritation—against cough

Copyright 1936, The American Tobacco Company

MARCH

Armour's Meal of the Month

• MENU •

Grape Fruit Juice
Star Corned Beef Hash — Egg and Pickle Sauce
Buttered Asparagus Tips — Glazed Whole Carrots
Rolls — Cloverbloom Butter
Pineapple Lettuce Salad—French Dressing
Peach Cobbler—Cherry Sauce — Coffee — Cream

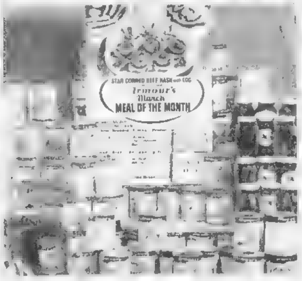
Ask your dealer for our Recipe Folder with full directions for preparing the March Meal of the Month. — MARIE GIFFORD, [illegible]

[illegible]

Star Corned Beef Hash

Serve this delicious low-cost meal for March . . . planned by Marie Gifford of Armour's

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY AT YOUR DEALER'S—ASK FOR RECIPE FOLDER



HERE, madam, is a corned beef hash dinner to win your heart—double slices of Armour's Star Corned Beef Hash served with glazed carrots, pineapple salad [illegible] and a [illegible] that is really [illegible] new!

Marie Gifford of Armour's [illegible] the MEAL OF THE MONTH for March, because it is so easily prepared [illegible] so full of rich nourishment and energy for blustery March days. And the [illegible] for five generous servings [illegible] —far less than your [illegible]

Star Corned Beef Hash . . . a famous Armour food

Of course, you'll want only the finest hash for this meal—which means Armour's Star Corned Beef Hash. This delicious food is made of choice U. S. government [illegible] finest diced potatoes according to a special Armour formula. [illegible] Armour's Star Corned Beef Hash.

Look for the Meal of the Month [illegible] display in your dealer's store. Buy all the [illegible] at [illegible] Star Corned Beef Hash, [illegible]. [illegible] Marie Gifford's Recipe Folder with complete directions for preparing the meal. Then treat your family to this delicious, inexpensive March meal. They'll ask for it again and again.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

FOR YOUR TABLE—

A SPLENDID VARIETY OF ARMOUR'S STAR CANNED FOODS

In addition to Star Corned Beef Hash there are many [illegible] Armour's [illegible] your family and guests will [illegible]

For Breakfast
Armour's Breakfast Loaf
Tasty, tender, economical

For Lunch
Armour's Spaghetti and Meat Balls

For Supper
Armour's Chili Con Carne
Armour's Tamales

Sea Shroud

By Sinclair Gluck

Murder, Mystery and Romance on an Island of Peril

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

LORIN [illegible]

Do you recognize This thing? Garrett Asked. Celia Nodded Her Head. Yes, It's Dion's. He [illegible] lost it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Low Tide

GARRETT [illegible] his [illegible] the [illegible] assembled for lunch.

Miles [illegible] [illegible] Mrs. M[illegible] was inclined to fuss a [illegible] her man.

Brisson had cooked [illegible] an excellent lunch which Susan served with nervous fingers. She had a trick of starting a [illegible] ing her eyes today, but did her work quickly enough.

After one look at Garrett an[illegible] [illegible] This [illegible] [illegible] Garrett [illegible]

[illegible] show- [illegible] he expected. After a [illegible] he [illegible] Bris- [illegible] Gar- rett [illegible] Have you any idea [illegible] Why he [illegible]

[illegible] Monsieur [illegible] noth- [illegible] morning [illegible] here [illegible] Monsieur [illegible] Was [illegible]

He was, Monsieur. When I asked, he told [illegible] that he had heard the shots. He [illegible] and put on his kimono.

Was he in bed the first time you came back to [illegible] after walking with Susan?

He was, Monsieur, said Brisson tartly.

Was he asleep?

That I cannot say, Monsieur. He did not speak.

Thanks, Brisson. [illegible] Why [illegible] rather [illegible]

Monsieur [illegible] Brisson [illegible] You insult me, and Susan. I mean to uphold you and [illegible] tartly.

Garrett [illegible] out, inwardly furious at his con[illegible]

[illegible] there [illegible] surprise [illegible] told her of [illegible] [illegible] started [illegible] [illegible] came upon signs of human occupation.

[illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] search for a [illegible] [illegible] All of [illegible] Garrett [illegible] back the [illegible] At the half he [illegible] east [illegible] [illegible] of the water [illegible] been left visible by the [illegible] tide.

He found no trace of such a furrow.

Half an hour later he was making the same search on the west beach, theorizing that Beaver might have fled to the east beach to fool them and then doubled back over here.

[illegible] this time he came upon something that brought him to a quick halt.

Half hidden among the rocks at one end of the beach, and [illegible] high-tide mark lay a [illegible] fishing spear. He [illegible] and picked it up carefully.

It was a home-made affair but well balanced. Point and most of the shaft were not much heavier than a pencil. The barbs [illegible] had been broken off [illegible] through a metal loop at the other end of the shaft was a bit of strong fishing line [illegible] It was exactly [illegible] pocket.

[illegible] Obviously, however, [illegible]

Poising the spear [illegible] he tried [illegible] Supposing the killer had [illegible] this thing between the bars at Osterhout, he must have jerked it free and [illegible] it out again by means of the fish line, broken the line near the shaft and gone to the western edge of the plateau. There he must have flung the spear as far as possible toward the water, returning to Osterhout's room by way of the window [illegible] from the shots [illegible]

[illegible] It was after the shots were fired that the [illegible] [illegible]

The only point against this theory was Osterhout's position. That, however, might not be conclusive.

Spear in hand Garrett trudged upward to the ridge in the late [illegible] and entered by way of the passage.

The first person he encountered was [illegible] toward him across the court. [illegible] west- [illegible] [illegible] showed her [illegible] several [illegible]

Yes. It's Dion's. He was lost [illegible] been [illegible] last night.

Why? You don't know anything about the action [illegible] Why should you think of this?

[illegible] Look after [illegible] about the [illegible] Celia. This was [illegible] Why do you [illegible]

[illegible] Now that [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Would I [illegible] You [illegible] any other [illegible] facts you haven't told.

[illegible] down and shook her head guiltily.

[illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] of his temper.

How on earth could you [illegible] he exploded. [illegible] I'm not accusing [illegible] Help [illegible] is your [illegible]

[illegible] she gasped unsteadily. "I [illegible] deserve it. [illegible] think [illegible]

She slipped past, entered her [illegible] closed the window. Staring after her, Garrett heard the lock snap home.

He turned on his heel. Dan was strolling toward him from the living room with an air of lazy interest.

"Hiya!" said the ex-marine. "What you got there?"

What's it look like—a bathtub?"

Dan glanced at Celia's window.

(Continued on Page 18)

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USE POWDER

100% Cleansing Properties
Twice that of tooth paste

No Grit—No Pumice
Cannot possibly scratch the softest enamel

Lasts Longer—Costs Less
Outlasts tooth paste 2 to 1

Do as your dentist does—

THERE is [illegible] will clean and [illegible] teeth [illegible] quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER— [illegible] cleans best. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER—100% cleansing [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] properties of tooth pastes.

Dentists everywhere recommend Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder because teeth [illegible] dull and film coated [illegible] Dr. Lyon's cleans off all stains and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

Free from all grit or pumice, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder cannot possibly scratch or injure the softest enamel.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Once you use powder you will never go back to tooth paste. Powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

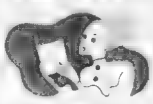
Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

HAIR-RAISING PROBLEMS—

by Jean Carroll

(who answers the [illegible] Packer's)



A [illegible] *especially for* [illegible] Yes, indeed. It's the right idea. You know how different dry hair is from oily hair. So here at PACKER'S, we make two [illegible] [illegible] problems.

[illegible] PACKER SOLIVE OIL SHAMPOO was a great boon in [illegible] as salt-water [illegible] on dry hair. However, I [illegible] [illegible] kept [illegible] soft and [illegible] wave.

[illegible] Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo [illegible]

[illegible] now *a letter* [illegible] *hair*: "I had tried many shampoos, soaps, etc., but nothing made my hair as lovely as PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO. It brings out the color and leaves my hair so soft and silky."

Actually, you can correct that oily [illegible] dulls the attractive [illegible] your hair. Listen. The [illegible] Packer's [illegible]

[illegible] New York, N.Y.

CRYSTAL-CLEAR • 100% LUBRICATING PREVENTS RUST
ESSO INC., 26 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Are You HAIR Minded?

[illegible] tiant, cleansing and medicinal

JAPANESE OIL

The antiseptic [illegible] which [illegible] all these features [illegible] different from ordinary hair tonics.

IT'S A SCALP MEDICINE!

Apply JAPANESE OIL tonight [illegible] stimulating [illegible]

[illegible] all druggists, 60c, Economy size $1.

FREE: *Send for valuable booklet, "The Truth about the Hair"* [illegible]

NATIONAL REMEDY CO.
56 W. 45th St. Dept. H.M. New York

CUTICURA OINTMENT AND SOAP for IRRITATED ITCHY SKIN

Satisfied users all over the world attest the [illegible] of Cuticura. Buy at your druggist's. Ointment 25c. Soap 25c. FREE sample, write "Cuticura," Dept. 10, Malden, Mass.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY has the greatest circulation in the world because it's the most interesting magazine on earth.

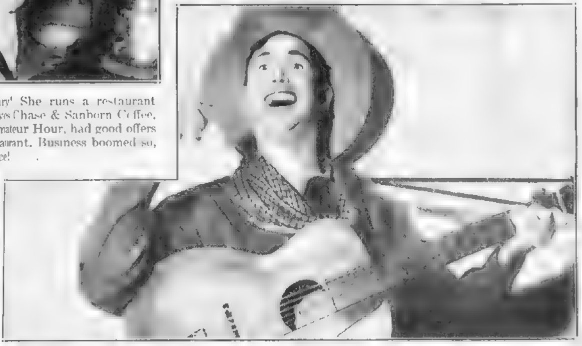
ALL THEY NEED IS A CHANCE

You give them that chance every time you buy a bag of Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee

CANADIANS CAPTURE JOB, terms [illegible] The Three Tune Teasers were promptly signed for a salary on tour with a Unit. And it all began when, growing up together in Toronto, they used to gather on the front porch and do a little harmonizing.

BIGGER RESTAURANT—Meet Hamburger Mary! She runs a restaurant where she her[illegible] cooks wonderful hamburgers, serves Chase & Sanborn Coffee, chicken and steaks. [illegible] was very popular on the Amateur Hour, had good offers to go out on tour but decided to stick to her restaurant. Business boomed so, after her public appearance, she's enlarging her place!

BOOKED FOR SMART CLUB [illegible] most sensationally successful of Major Bowes' Amateurs. She made a big hit on the Amateur Hour [illegible] almost immediately at New York's exclusive [illegible], on top of Rockefeller Center, and has been featured recently on the Fleischmann Radio Hour.

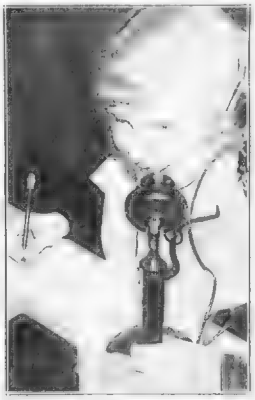


COWBOY SCORES-- [illegible] Jack O'Brian [illegible] cowboy [illegible] off the [illegible] Amateur Hour [illegible]

OUT OF C. C. C.- ON TO STAGE—What Paul Regan wanted m[illegible]t was to go on the stage—giving imitations of famous people. Major Bowes recognized his talent instantly. So did the radio audience, who voted him into a Unit!

SUCCESS AT NINE—Veronica Mimosa is only 9 years old [illegible] plays the piano as few adults can. Her brilliant performance brought her [illegible] the same reward a grownup would get . . . a featured place in one of Major Bowes' Units.

HOBO TO ROAD-SHOW STAR [illegible] followed the fruit [illegible] any longer. His [illegible] well liked [illegible] traveling around the country in style!



MORE THAN 1300 TELEPHONE OPERATORS given jobs by the Amateur Hour. The happy [illegible] get a much-needed [illegible] Amateur Hour [illegible] two to three people [illegible] work handling the great volume of votes you send in!

HUNDREDS of amateurs have already won jobs through your day-to-day purchases of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee. Thousands more are waiting and hoping.

Keep on buying this superb, fresh coffee that gives them their chance and gives you finer, richer flavor at an economical price! You *know* Chase & Sanborn Coffee is fresh because it's *dated.*

Rushed fresh from the roasting ovens to your grocer, with a delivery date plainly marked on every pound. And no pound of *Dated* Coffee ever remains on his shelf more than 10 days.

Now packed in the new, money-saving bag. Buy a pound of delicious Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee at your grocer's tomorrow, and give more amateurs a chance! And listen in every Sunday evening over the N. B. C. Red Network.

Sea Shroud
by Sinclair Gluck

(Continued from Page 16)

and raised his brows.

"Looks like Vane's fishing spear." He broke off to whistle [illegible]. "Where'd you find it?"

"W[illegible] beach," Garrett fumed. "Any more questions?"

Dan halted in surprise. "Why [illegible]," he [illegible]. "What you [illegible] after [illegible]? You [illegible] kinda sore. [illegible]"

"[illegible]," said Garrett with [illegible].

"Yeah." [illegible] dressing [illegible] good stiff [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] you might [illegible] [illegible] your back any time."

"I'll wait until your shoulder [illegible]," [illegible] carefully. "Where have you been all afternoon?"

"Both beaches and the south end of the island."

"With that [illegible]?" Dan [illegible]. [illegible]

[illegible] to a [illegible] better [illegible] [illegible] afternoon [illegible] guard [illegible] and the rifles. There was [illegible].

In spite of [illegible] and bandages, Garrett's shoulder looked sore and inflamed. With his first aid kit and water from the lavatory Dan bathed the double [illegible] with boric acid and put on clean dressings. Bandaged and reclothed, Garrett asked whether anyone had seen Vane.

"Miss [illegible] says he's gone for a [illegible]."

[illegible] beach [illegible] Let's take a walk to the ridge. Bruce [illegible] Rock and [illegible] stay here [illegible]

When all three [illegible] he [illegible] the fish spear against the wall near the rifles and led the way out.

The setting sun [illegible] the windows [illegible] a blaze of gold. The court was full of purple shadows.

They went through the passage and [illegible] the ridge.

[illegible]

Garrett [illegible] pointing finger [illegible]

of the island he [illegible] a momentary flash of [illegible].

"If that's Vane [illegible] in the kelp."

"Don't worry," said Dan. "The kid [illegible] like a [illegible]. He's tighter [illegible] for [illegible], see?"

"I wasn't exactly worried about him," said Garrett dryly, watching the [illegible] streak of white as Vane [illegible]. "What's he [illegible]?"

"S[illegible]," [illegible] Dan [illegible].

Garrett [illegible]. "You like him, eh?"

"[illegible] he's all right," said Dan [illegible]. [illegible]

[illegible] Garrett [illegible] about that [illegible]."

He looked around the horizon, most of which [illegible] from where they [illegible] part of the sun [illegible] the ridge [illegible] off the ocean now, leaving the water dark. There was [illegible] vessel in sight.

"Here comes the [illegible]," said Dan.

CHAPTER XXV.
From a Window

GARRETT [illegible] of the [illegible] pale [illegible]

[illegible] said Garrett [illegible].

Dan [illegible]. "Say, what's [illegible]?"

"You figuring [illegible] it again tonight?"

Garrett shook off his mood and laughed [illegible].

"Of course I'll try it again," he [illegible] the spy [illegible].

"Huh?" Dan [illegible] swiftly at the house.

"I've been watching [illegible] off and on [illegible]"

[illegible]

"Well, [illegible] have to [illegible]. How [illegible] figure that [illegible]?"

[illegible] So far as we know they [illegible] either. But they must have some practical scheme to [illegible] their plans. [illegible]

[illegible]

When the [illegible] have two [illegible] off through the [illegible] the beaches with the cop and I [illegible] the house. [illegible]

[illegible] steadily [illegible].

"Couldn't see the [illegible] now," said Garrett in a [illegible] voice. "Guess Placer was delayed. What about dinner?"

"Miss Celia [illegible] it would be late tonight with Sako missing. 'Round eight-thirty,' she said."

"I'll get back to the living room," Garrett muttered uneasily. "Stick with Vane and trail him in there with you, Bruce. Don't let him talk to anybody first."

"Okay," [illegible] Dan. "I'll let him get dressed."

Walking [illegible] back to the house, Garrett crossed the court [illegible] in the fading light. Nothing [illegible].

[illegible] the workshop [illegible].

He [illegible] nodding at [illegible]. Then he [illegible] door [illegible] and moved back to the [illegible] which overlooked the court. He wanted a glimpse of Vane's face when the [illegible] himself [illegible].

No [illegible] the ridge as yet. He [illegible] the court [illegible] the [illegible] light. The [illegible] bright [illegible] from the front [illegible].

Vane [illegible] from the passage [illegible] followed by Dan. A yellow oblong marked his open French window for a moment. Then it narrowed and vanished. A distant clatter of dishes from the kitchen emphasized the [illegible] stillness of evening.

A glow on the near side of the passage [illegible] Garrett [illegible] Mallow stood [illegible] against the [illegible] his head [illegible] to speak over his [illegible].

[illegible] the [illegible] behind her [illegible] the court. One hand [illegible] to her [illegible]. Then he [illegible] to one of the wicker chairs and sat down, first moving it so that he faced the entrance to the left wing.

Garrett judged that he was hungry for his dinner.

Presently Celia emerged from the left wing, searched the court with nervous eyes and started toward the living room. She had seen Mallow and spoke to him in her clear voice.

"It'll be ready in a few minutes."

M[illegible] feet [illegible] smiled [illegible].

[illegible] Mallow [illegible] to speak in a low [illegible] the [illegible] a [illegible] He seemed to be [illegible] with a sort of earnest [illegible] and deference.

The conversation lasted some [illegible] daylight waned until Garrett [illegible] longer see their [illegible]. He had an impression from Celia's manner that she was alert and friendly rather than agitated by the interview.

[illegible] he was beginning [illegible] when the [illegible] ended [illegible] with a strange ab[illegible]

[illegible] some laughing re[illegible] Mallow [illegible] and stepped [illegible]. Her hands fluttered [illegible] off like [illegible] in the dusk. [illegible] gingerly [illegible] to withdraw [illegible]. When Mallow [illegible] her laughter [illegible] she strained away [illegible] her startled re[illegible]

[illegible] twilight Mallow [illegible] and kissed both her [illegible] then released them. At [illegible] moment Vane's window [illegible] he stepped into the [illegible]

[illegible] retreated hastily [illegible] living room. With an [illegible] that [illegible] Mallow turned [illegible] toward the [illegible] into the [illegible]

[illegible] Bruce were [illegible]. She [illegible] in an [illegible] lights [illegible] she did not [illegible] at first, but stood [illegible] on her chest, panting and frowning as [illegible]

[illegible] his head [illegible] lights from the open [illegible] Vane [illegible]

[illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] After [illegible] glance at his face she [illegible] and dropped into a chair with her [illegible] to him.

"Shut the door, will you, Bruce?" Garrett requested, his manner preoccupied and casual.

Dan complied and lounged there on guard. With a dark look at Garrett, Vane crossed the room [illegible] at Celia, his movements lithe with tension. He did not speak.

Garrett laughed. "Vane wants to know what you and Mallow were talking about, Miss Camray. We'd like to know too, unless it's a secret."

Celia stiffened and frowned, looking at each of the men in turn. Her young eyes lingered on Dan.

"It's not a secret," she replied coldly. "Of course, I'll tell you. There's no reason why you shouldn't know."

Garrett [illegible] aware that she was sparring for time.

"No hurry," he observed dryly.

His tone infuriated her for some reason.

"You [illegible]," she gasped. "Mr. Mallow simply wanted to say that [illegible]"

"That [illegible]," said Garrett, and waited.

"Well, that's all," she said. "Good heavens! What more could he say? It was nice of him too. He's just funny."

"Humorous?" Garrett suggested hopefully.

Celia drew a deep steadying breath and looked at him with [illegible] eyes, a hint of youthful triumph about her.

"You might call it that," she [illegible]. "Didn't you want to ask [illegible] about that fishing spear?"

Vane [illegible] his head sharply. "Eh? You found it?"

With the subject changed whether he liked it or not Garrett went on from there.

"Yes, we found it. Where do you think it was?"

"I've no idea. Somewhere in the house?"

"Not exactly," Garrett smiled. "Tell us where and when you last saw it, will you? And where you usually keep it?"

"Of course. I had it in a little sort of place on the cliff. The day you came Celia and I were fishing with it when we discovered we were late for lunch. So we came straight home. I left the spear in my room. When I looked for it after lunch, it was gone. I thought Celia was having a game, but she swore she hadn't [illegible]. We looked high and low but never found it. The line turned up in my dressing-gown pocket."

"Was the line attached to the spear when you [illegible]?"

"Yes, I think so. I'm sure it was."

"You left the broken line in your pocket?"

"Sure, until the spear turned up. After last night, Celia and I wondered whether [illegible] described Uncle Lorin's small narrow wound."

"Was the spear intact, or were the barbs broken off?"

"Broken off? Of course not. It wouldn't have held a fish for a minute. Where did you find the thing?"

"In the rocks at one end of the west beach. Why do you suppose the line turned up in your dressing-gown pocket?"

Vane grew suddenly preoccupied. His eyes lighted and a wicked young smile touched his mouth for an instant.

"Because somebody put it there, I guess," he replied absently. "If my spear was used, somebody tried to frame me. Did you find any signs that it was used?"

"None—except that some barbs are missing. It was lying below high tide level. The sea had washed over it."

[illegible] Vane lost interest and grew restless. "Well, Mr. Garrett, is that all you want? I forgot something—"

"Anything to do with this murder?"

"It's almost dinner time. Mind if I go?"

"You're not a prisoner," said Garrett evenly.

With a quick, smoldering glance Vane slipped around Dan, flung the door open and disappeared.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY accurately portrays this world of ours—as it is, as it was and as we would have it be

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[illegible] generous application of Ben-Gay. Feel how quickly the pain is driven out—feel a glow of comfort as Ben-Gay's soothing medication penetrates right through your skin to the congested, aching area where you feel the pain.

Just one warning—get the genuine "Ben-Gay"—none of its inferior imitators has its same properties. It is the only true Baume Analgésique.

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH BAUME "BEN-GAY"

"Last night's party is still going on in my head"

Head splitting—stomach upset UNTIL...

CALL THE UNDERTAKER AND BURY ME QUICK! I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN HAVE A HEAD LIKE THIS
YOU DON'T NEED AN UNDERTAKER, JACK. WHAT YOU NEED IS BROMO-SELTZER!
A LITTLE LATER
BOY, DID THAT BROMO-SELTZER WORK FAST! CLEARED MY HEAD, BROUGHT A BLESSED CALM TO MY STOMACH AND NERVES!
SWELL STUFF, ALL RIGHT! WORKS FASTER, DOCTORS FIND, THAN ANYTHING THEY'VE TESTED!

DOCTORS have tested remedies for next-morning headaches. Bromo-Seltzer worked *faster* than any other remedy they tested!

This sparkling remedy does more for you, too—things many remedies *can't* do. It soothes an irritated stomach, calms nerves and reduces excess lactic acid in the blood. Leaves you feeling keener. At the nearest drugstore or soda fountain. Keep it in your medicine cabinet, too.

BROMO-SELTZER
Makes you feel fit FASTER!

EVERY PHASE OF A MODERN WOMAN'S LIFE

IS SUPREMELY PRESENTED IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

GOOD READING

She seeks refreshment and cheer . . . she wants to make rich use of her leisure. In Good Housekeeping she finds a wealth of fine enjoyment ● In the March issue begins Edison Marshall's delightful serial, GIRL OF INDIA. A young American engineer on a life-and-death mission matches wits with a beautiful spy. Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger in MY NAME IS CONSTANT, tells touchingly of a girl who through joy and tragedy held in her heart the image of one man ● Mary Roberts Rinehart continues her enthralling novel, THE DOCTOR ● There are other splendid stories and helpful features by writers you like ● A MICKEY MOUSE adventure, by Walt Disney, delights the children.

FASHION and BEAUTY

Her escort is waiting to take her out. She pauses for a last look in the mirror. The picture is smart and correct—he thinks so too. No wonder—she is guided in her selection of her distinctive, charming clothes by Good Housekeeping's fashion pages, and her hair and complexion accords with the expert counsel of Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic ● Consult the complete fashion pages of Good Housekeeping before you buy your spring wardrobe. You'll be fascinated by the new hats . . . the outdoor clothes and tailored suits; the new fabrics . . . silks, woolens, prints, rayons; the latest clothes for the junior miss ● Do your eyes sparkle? Don't miss Ruth Murrin's authoritative beauty article on Eye Makeup.

SOCIAL INTERESTS

She is more than a well-read, well-dressed, woman—more than an efficient housemanager. She is interesting, talks well, is in step with the modern world. She is a gracious, accomplished hostess who knows the entire cycle of hospitality ● Good Housekeeping is valued by such socially-inclined women because it keeps them informed on all the new ideas and trends the smart hostess requires: new ideas for entertaining . . . new vogues in table decorations, silver, glassware, and linens . . . new menus and delicacies. You'll find March Good Housekeeping, in its inspiring articles, fashions, furnishings and food pages, abundantly rich in ideas for the woman whose heart and house are open to sociability and friendship.

BUILDING *and* DECORATION

You'll find a complete program for house building and decoration *in* the authoritative pages of Good Housekeeping Studio of Architecture and Furnishings. *Helen Koues*, Director, and a staff of distinguished architects and decorators, present houses and interiors tested both for livableness and charm. The houses the Studio presents *are* the lived-in houses of flesh and blood people. The rooms are actual rooms ● You'll find in the March issue a Regency apartment—a new trend in decoration, illustrated in color. There is a charming little brick house which can be erected for less than $7,000. And there is a lovely garden whose colorful beauty depends entirely on potted plants.

SMART HOMEMAKING

The modern homemaker has many duties: a family to feed, a house to manage, a budget to control, a kitchen and laundry to operate efficiently. What would she do without Good Housekeeping Institute? Day after day the trained workers of Good Housekeeping Institute under Director Katharine Fisher test new household equipment, develop time, money, and labor saving methods, plan nourishing, appetizing meals, guide you in the purchase and effective use of household devices ● Good Housekeeping Bureau, Dr. Walter H. Eddy, Director, brings you each month scientific, laboratory-tested advice on nutritious foods, and on the safe use of pharmaceutical products and cosmetics.

We asked the Editor of Good Housekeeping just how his magazine serves the American home. "Good Housekeeping," he said "wants to be known as an honest-to-goodness friend and counselor of every woman who knows she has a fascinatingly different job and wants a bit of help in carrying it on, a bit of good cheer to lighten it, a bit of inspiration to brighten it." ● More than two million women have approved by their devoted readership the Editor's program. They will tell you that Good Housekeeping brings them supremely everything they want in a magazine—the finest novels and stories, the most valuable advice on every subject important in woman's life. It is literally a dozen helpful magazines in one! ● Buy March Good Housekeeping and see what joy and benefits it will bring into your life.

Everywoman's Magazine

**MARCH ISSUE
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New Secrets of the Surete, The French Detective Police

(Continued from Double Page)

so careless and contemptuous of us and so sure of himself that he has not even troubled to vary his disguises."

I rubbed my eyes. "I'm afraid I am very stupid but I don't understand [illegible]"

[illegible]

"Why not arrest him [illegible]"

[illegible] we need. We should never learn how he kills so efficiently. No—my plan is best: I am going to drive him to attempt another 'removal.' Meanwhile I'm going to Versailles [illegible] call [illegible] who has [illegible] curious [illegible] dog which [illegible] ago. [illegible]"

"The death of [illegible] dog?" [illegible]

"Yes [illegible] Swede's [illegible]"

I [illegible] trend of [illegible] the suspicious and evil-tempered old peasant whose garden we had suddenly invaded, that the dog was a mere pretext to find out all he could about the Swede, his former neighbor.

I heard in querulous tones:

"Yes, M[illegible] ask [illegible] life. It [illegible] for she [illegible] a pipe just a couple of days later. A pretty girl but a devil—made Olaf's life a hell. What type of man M'sieu Olaf? H-m-m—"

The old peasant collected his thoughts a moment.

"Well, he was thin, pale and sad looking. The kind of face [illegible]"

"Thanks, that's very clear. Just one last question: Wasn't there an epidemic among dogs and horses about a year ago in this neighborhood?" Bertillon [illegible]

[illegible] confound it. Here, get out of my garden."

The old peasant was furiously angry, so Bertillon led the way at once to our car. As he opened the door Inspector Louvs stopped him with a whispered word:

[illegible] said he would the cowardly hound—' But she was delirious and could answer no questions. Inquiries among the neighbors confirm the rumors of an amorous intrigue with this Olaf Stjornsen."

"H-m-m—our field of investigation is [illegible] narrowing although definite proof still [illegible]. All right [illegible] better stay [illegible] gather [illegible] scrap of [illegible] that you can."

During the days that followed Bertillon's face wore a permanent scowl and although he came and went at all hours upon mysterious errands he gave me no word of his progress. Nor would [illegible] anything.

Inspector Brousseau [illegible] by the [illegible] his unofficial [illegible] spent his days and nights loafing in the most disreputable haunts of St. Denis, Ivry and La Villette, so that I had begun to feel lonely and out of it all when one morning as I entered my laboratory a cheery voice hailed me and a tall, sunburnt [illegible] stepped forward and [illegible]

"W[illegible] young fellow [illegible] can't get on without my [illegible]"

"Good Lord—Bannister! I thought you were [illegible]" I cried as I clasped the hand of my American detective friend.

"Sure so I [illegible] headquarters [illegible] Paris at [illegible] put course; under Bertillon's orders! Like old times, eh? Ah—well, what's this case you're all crazy about?"

"Crazy?" I echoed. "Yes, confound it. So you've come about this [illegible] the chief's got in his bonnet too?"

[illegible] your gray matter?"

[illegible]

I looked in surprise at my chief who [illegible]

[illegible] opens when he heard [illegible] saw Manescu on his feet swaying from side to side, his hands at his throat; before he could reach him the man had fallen across a chair, bringing it to the ground with him. A doctor was quickly [illegible] but Manescu was dead.

"Another case of heart failure [illegible] But this time I was able to make a thorough search at [illegible] and this is what I found."

He pointed to the table and I saw on a sheet of paper a small [illegible] black ebonite, and the [illegible] of a hollow needle.

"[illegible] What have these things to do with Manescu's death? You are not suggesting that the assassin squirted poison into the money-lender in full [illegible] of waiters and diners [illegible]. Probably the needle was dropped by some dope fiend who ate there. As for that scrap of hard rubber, what is it supposed to be anyway? What says the doctor?"

"Oh, the usual story," Bertillon replied, wearily. "I've had the autopsy rushed through again, but, of course, there is not a trace of poison. I said 'of course,' because that is just what I expected. Yet I'll wager Manescu was murdered in the same way as all those others and the poison was administered somehow as he entered the restaurant.

"You'll not be surprised to learn, I suppose, that our friend Muller is an habitue of Archeveque, and was there early in the evening. It becomes clearer and clearer that the fiend has invented a new and terrible instrument for sending out death from afar."

I nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, I understand—what you say at least. But what reason can this bogus German have had to kill St. Etienne, Desnoumis and all those you think went the same way?"

"Not so [illegible] not jewels.

"The [illegible] is how does he [illegible] may be the weak spot in his armor. He's got to be very sure of their good faith. Of course many people had a grudge against Manescu and it would not [illegible] tithesis to your actual appearance. Here is Muller's description: Common looking and inclined to stoutness, strongly marked round face, thick dark brown hair and beard slightly streaked with gray; wears tinted glasses."

[illegible]

"I understand now," I exclaimed with a chuckle "why you [illegible] about them."

"Well, well [illegible] to be [illegible] I had another reason [illegible] where Muller is staying never lose sight of him. Thus if we [illegible] forces always ready to put a stop to Olaf-Muller's little game. That's [illegible] I know [illegible] way to [illegible] at once. Get along now and good luck!"

Levallois passed his arm under mine as we went down the stairs, [illegible] ger chanted in his high-pitched squeaky voice: "Eh bien? You once said I was crazy—what do you think of my flair now?"

"Softly—softly—" I answered. "So far it's all theory. I for one still believe we are chasing a phantom."

That night I had my first glimpse of Karl Muller as he emerged from the hotel and strolled towards the Louvre. He appeared superficially to be just a typical, stolid Teuton, yet his silent, gliding walk, his restless glittering eyes, and the abrupt reptilian movements of the head were pregnant with an animal ferocity not in keeping with his seemingly well-fed paunch.

I saw he carried a kind of leather hold-all under his left arm, and wondered what it might contain. At the Tuileries Gardens we doubled round the big fountain and walked towards him [illegible] to have a good [illegible] passing. We [illegible] when Levallois [illegible] arm and [illegible] his cigarette [illegible]

[illegible] ing a windy sigh.

"It's at least a queer coincidence," I replied thoughtfully, turning and making after our quarry again. An hour later we [illegible]

[illegible] boldly handsome gigolette with sneering scarlet lips who clapped the German familiarly on the shoulder and immediately ordered a [illegible]

"You—you are not going to tell [illegible]"

[illegible] smitten with her [illegible]

[illegible] So that was the [illegible] Bertillon thinks he is [illegible] a week should he [illegible]

[illegible] although no one has heard him play yet. Aha [illegible] signal and has [illegible] other cover [illegible] None of a pipe! What [illegible] I wonder? Now [illegible] to persuade him to [illegible]

[illegible] terious weapon. I'd have taken a bet on it—and [illegible] he is playing the [illegible] if we are all [illegible]

With startling abruptness came [illegible] of overturned chairs, followed [illegible] a volley of foul curses. [illegible] Muller had pounced [illegible] a second instrument [illegible] the girl as she lifted it to [illegible] and with a back-handed [illegible] her sprawling.

"[illegible] that alone—damn you!" he yelled furiously. "No filthy apache shall play on my instrument!"

I jumped up to go to her assistance but Levallois gripped my [illegible] pulled me back. "Keep [illegible] others will see [illegible]"

[illegible] the cowardly attack on the girl had made the apaches furious. I heard cries of "Julot—Julot!" and a squat muscular bandit suddenly [illegible] head down at the German. He met the charge with lifted knee and in a moment there began a fierce hand-to-hand fight, in which Julot's pals joined one after another. Suddenly by a superhuman effort Muller tore himself clear and staggered against the bar still clutching his instruments in frantic grip. Pushing them into the leather cover he flung a banknote to the proprietor and strode towards the door followed by the girl, who despite her bleeding lips was anxious to keep in his good graces.

In the scuffle the man's tinted glasses had been crushed under foot, and as he passed our table, he shot us a vengeful, lurid glance, in which danced savage suspicion.

"Aha—a pair of mouchards—are you? I thought I'd spotted you both at the Tuileries already—this'll please the mob!"

And sheering he cupped hands to mouth. But he got no further than: "Hola—les aminches!" when [illegible] Claudine tore at his arm and [illegible] to drown his voice.

"Be quiet—you great big boob—these are pas [illegible] do you want the gang to set about you again?"

"The gang—ha, ha! What do I care for twenty o' your gang? I could send 'em all—" He ceased suddenly as the girl struck at him with her little fist.

"Shut up—fool! You talk too much! D'ye want the cops to hear you spit out things like that? You need someone to look after you—"

For a moment something very much like admiration glinted in those red albino eyes, then with a laugh and a quick spoken sen[illegible] intended only for her ears he jammed his bag beneath an arm and swung through the door. As she ran after him, Claudine flung over her shoulder [illegible] hurried whisper:

"That was no flute I grabbed—no holes under the keys and the mouthpiece is a dummy. I'll try to get hold of it. Hey Manuel, stop [illegible] leave him [illegible]"

For one of the apaches Muller had battered was after him with a knife. He turned a hate-distorted face towards Claudine but the law of the jungle demands that no man shall interfere with a prey that belongs to their women and she had obviously [illegible] this beast's goodwill.

The German was standing under a distant street lamp [illegible] and his quick [illegible] that we had been [illegible] and there was nothing [illegible] to pad away in the opposite direction.

"It's all right," Levallois [illegible] sight of [illegible] on the corner. Do your best [illegible] on this alley will bring [illegible]

(Continued on Page 21)

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STRETCHED PORES SPOIL THE PRETTIEST FACE

Miss Ann Keebler "Pond's Cold Cream clears my skin!"

Keep them fine with rousing UNDER SKIN treatment

[illegible]

Mrs. Douglas Robinson, grandniece of the late Theodore Roosevelt, and grand-daughter of his famous sister, the late Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my pores invisible."

into your underskin. There's where coarse pores, blackheads, blemishes start. Tiny glands—overtaxed—let off those thick oils which clog your pores, rob your good looks!

[illegible]

Every Night, pat in Pond's Cold [illegible]

Every Morning, and during the [illegible] goes on beautifully.

Start today. Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Faults start here [illegible]

Stop Baby's COUGH The "Moist-Throat" Way

- Tender little throats should be [illegible] the "moist-throat" way with Pertussin which stimulates the flow of natural fluids, loosens phlegm and soothes the throat. Contains no harsh or [illegible] drugs. Will not upset the stomach [illegible]. Checks coughs [illegible]. Doctors have prescribed it for 30 years.

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Association. Get a bottle.

PERTUSSIN "MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N.Y. I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!

Name

Address AW [illegible]

Corns Lift Right Out!

FREEZONE [illegible]

FREEZONE

Another Girl who Knows!

A few months ago, she would have had to stay home—

Now, she relies on Midol

[illegible] to Midol.

[illegible] to be herself and be at ease those difficult days that once made her [illegible]

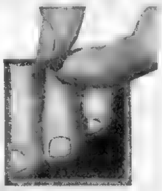
There used to be eight million sufferers every month. But today, a million women are smart enough to use Midol and escape this regular martyrdom to pain.

Why be miserable, or even feel uncomfortable certain days of each month? Be that eighth woman who just lets Midol carry her serenely through her time.

You can depend on Midol. Tiny tablets, perfectly pleasant to take. Not narcotic. A merciful medicine which [illegible] recommend for regular [illegible] doesn't make [illegible] Midol give up a cherished "date" for the theatre—[illegible] freedom!

This truly remarkable medicine may be taken [illegible] preferably at first sign of approaching pain, to avoid the suffering altogether. But Midol is effective even though your pain may have caught you unaware and has even reached its height. It is effective for hours, so two tablets should carry you through your worst day.

You get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case. All druggists have them — they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, just ask for Midol.



New Secrets of the Surete, The French Detective Police

(Continued from Page 20)

to the faubourg in time to pick up the trail from Dubois again."

But when, panting from our spurt we dashed into the Boulevard St. Antoine once more, we could only gaze in dismay at the dwindling row of lights shining on a silent and utterly empty street. Our quarry had fooled us and there was nothing left but to return at once to headquarters.

As we entered the courtyard, a huge figure abruptly barred our path: "Well—say—a nice mess you'd have made of it but for me. I was just in time to take Dubois' message. Your man's hitting the hay—il fait dodo—as the French say. What? Dubois followed him to the hotel, where I was waiting, an' I left him there—just in case he should go out again.

"Say—you should see what the papers print about the American sleuth. You'd think I cleared up the mystery already. I told the boys that a new and terrible criminal had appeared and that I was already on his track. The papers have published my picture, so I'm wearing leather and steel under my coat in future. We'd better get some sleep now."

The next day the apache Julot was found sitting at a table in a dingy lodging house at Ivry—stone dead. There was not a scratch on him, but on the back of his jersey was a charred streak where the wool had been singed.

"He feels pretty sure of himself," Bannister said thoughtfully when he heard of it. "I take that as a direct challenge."

"Yes—and you'd better look out," Levallois warned him. "The curtain'll be rung up on the last act pretty soon now. You're running an awful risk you know, and the chief is very worried."

"Bah! Muller can't move without my knowing it," Bannister retorted. "Claudine's told him that I shall be at the Cafe des Rapins tonight, so maybe we shall get action. The chief said he'd be waiting for us at ten."

We found Bertillon ready for the night's adventure; he was dressed as an artist, complete with paint box, mahlstick and palette. On the rare occasions that Bertillon did take an active share in a man-hunt his disguises were wonderful, he lived the part chosen. This time he had donned a corduroy jacket and broad-brimmed, shabby black hat, a cape, flung over one shoulder, and glasses secured by a silk ribbon completed the outfit. His beard had been gummed at the edges to change it from square to pointed, his moustache well waxed, whilst the lines of his strong face had been cleverly altered, so that somehow he looked grubby and dissipated.

I had dressed in the manner of the merchant seamen, who come to Paris regularly to spend their pay, whilst Levallois was fearfully got up, arrayed in an apache jersey and peg-top trousers.

"We act independently now, understand?" my chief said. "The signal for getting together in a hurry is a broken cigarette flung away with a curse—or a round of drinks shouted for the crowd. You, Bannister, must go to the cafe by taxi—it's safer—and when our man shows up, pretend to get drunk. When I say: 'Hello—why, it's late, I think I'll go,' leave at once and walk slowly down the Rue Lepic."

Surrounded by an admiring crowd, Bertillon had just begun a sketch of the Cafe des Rapins's barmaid when Muller slipped in, cleverly disguised as an itinerant musician, his leather instrument case hanging over one shoulder by a strap, and settled down to an evening's drinking.

It was past midnight when in obedience to Bertillon's signal we withdrew and dispersed, each to a hiding place. From my doorway I watched Bannister take a drunken leave of the bogus "rapin" and stagger away towards the deserted Rue Lepic, while Bertillon vanished swiftly into a nearby house.

A moment later a furtive figure shot out of the cafe and dashed after the American who was still visible and audible as he chanted some drunken ditty in a cracked baritone. What happened then came so swiftly I have retained only a confused impression of it all.

At twenty yards Muller suddenly plucked his oboe from the case and pointed it like a gun in Bannister's direction. I heard a soft spat instantly followed by a tiny spurt of light and a snapping sound as though a firecracker had exploded close to my friend's back. Then, as Bertillon frantically sounded his whistle, we closed in a rush on the astounded assassin. But before we reached him, his momentary inertia had passed and with a squeal of rage he dived for a gaping doorway, the door slammed heavily, and by the time a sleepy concierge had answered our furious poundings our man had vanished—utterly.

Running out again I stumbled against my chief who was staring with dilated eyes at a smudge of charred cloth on Bannister's coat.

"Strip!" he yelled abruptly, dragging a lens from his pocket; "Strip for God's sake, Monsieur Bannister! Down with your shirt. What's this—leather and steel—thank God! See—several drops of some colorless liquid have soaked into your jerkin and there's a tiny puncture underneath. Do you understand? Poison—poison automatically squirted into your blood by some fiendish new device—a tiny rocket I fancy—that drives home a piston as it strikes, and exploding instantly destroys all trace of this devil's projectile.

"Quick—let me look—No, thank Heaven! It didn't get through to your skin."

"But—but poison—there was never a trace of poison nor puncture when those others were examined." I objected dazedly.

"That's just it—that's why the horses recovered. It's an animal poison—snake, scorpion or something—some kind of glucoside, which doesn't crystalize and therefore cannot be traced. A cobra's bite—for instance, leaves no local inflammation—and a needle is much smaller than a snake's fangs. No wonder we found never a mark. Where did he go, Francois?"

"Out the back way and over the wall. He's far away by now, confound it!" and the little Gascon shook his clenched fist at the house. "Someone spied out the land for him, and left that door open when Bannister came out of the cafe."

We started as the roar of an open exhaust drew near and Bulldog halted with screeching brakes at the curb.

"C'mon quick. Claudine's told me where to drive you. Said it'll be her life as well as her lover's if you're late."

Waiting for nothing, we crowded into the big touring car the lad had brought.

I had learned to my cost that Bulldog was a reckless devil at the wheel, but this time he surpassed himself. Fifty minutes later we slithered to a halt. Not far away, at a bend in the road, I glimpsed a small house on the edge of the forest, one window still illuminated.

"Are you sure he came here?" I asked the lad.

In answer a shadow detached itself from the trees and Rousseau hailed us softly.

"He's there, drunk with triumph and fear. Thinks he got Bannister, but knows the game is up and that he's got to fly. The girl's inside the house with him. He wants her to come too and she's holding off—sparring for time. We've got to get her out first. I advised her to mix a drink with the opium I gave her. Creep up to the window."

A curious scene met our gaze through the half-drawn curtains. One glance at Muller's face as he sprawled in a big chair, told us the man was quite mad now. On his knees, with twitching face but bravely trying to smile, was the girl Claudine. The tumbler she held was still almost full, so Rousseau's plan had failed.

"We must draw him away," Bertillon whispered. "Two of you go to the back and start hammering on the door. Shouts and a pistol shot should fetch him."

It did—as he flung open the door the girl rushed out the front, locking the door behind her. But he had seen us already and when we tried to rush him, retreated before us into the house, his mysterious and terrible weapon uplifted for instant action. I admit my nerve forsook me and I ducked, as did all except Bertillon, who, as a tiny missile whizzed and stung his coat which he had wrapped, shieldwise, about his arm, fired three thunderous shots shattering the air-gun and forcing the maddened man to retreat in a panic.

He was not at the end of his resources however. Uttering a peal of wild maniacal laughter, he lifted a big basket from the floor and jerked out the contents at our feet. My blood turned to ice as I recognized the hooded heads of a dozen cobras that reared at once with angry hisses. It was a rout—we were out of the nightmare room with the door shut before we realized our cowardice.

When at last we had managed to kill several of the deadly reptiles and captured the others, Muller had escaped. He was not aware of the fact fortunately that we knew of his real identity, and when, the next day, a slim, fair-haired, clean-shaven man tried to pass the Italian frontier, the surprise was complete. Handcuffs snapped shut on his wrists in a twinkling.

Bertillon spent the succeeding days searching the house at Versailles, and appeared pleased with what he found.

"You see—" he said, pointing to a rough sketch, "the oboe actually concealed a powerful air-gun. He made the deadly bullets of hard and brittle rubber—cylindrical, hollow and divided into three compartments. Inside the first was a sliding segment with a hollow needle in the center. The compartment was filled from the outside by means of a Pravaz syringe with a mixed poison—obtained from his snakes and scorpions. As the needle entered the body it drove the piston segment down and the poison was instantly squirted into the body; and as it was driven down the impact broke the walls of compartments two and three, containing sulphuric acid, chlorate of potash and sugar, and an explosive. The acid ignited the potash mixture, fired the charge—a very slight one of course, and shattered the brittle shell, withdrawing at the same time the needle and flinging it far away.

"The charred circles we found were caused by some of the burning chlorate of potash adhering to the shell being propelled against the victim's back. The quantity was so small, of course, that it did no more than just singe usually.

"I imagined it was some kind of snake poison long ago, inasmuch as it takes about five times as much snake venom as needed for a dog or a man to kill a horse. When I heard the Swede was buying live rabbits and pigeons that vanished mysteriously, I knew I was right. The snakes had to be fed.

"One thing puzzled me however: how did he approach the people likely to buy his devilish assistance for ridding themselves of someone? He solved the problem most ingeniously. Besides that clever 'removal' circular on the back of his notes—which if found would naturally arouse no suspicion, although understood by those intending to employ him—he had written a story in which unwanted people were 'removed' mysteriously and without risk, and the MS. would be left, or sent by post, to a prospective client by 'mistake.' He then called, apologizing for the mistake, and usually found means to discuss the story laughingly until sure of his ground, whereupon he would make an offer.

"He picked possible clients with care, you may be sure. To convince them finally he showed them cuttings relating the death of the tramp and of the dogs. All this has been practically confirmed by the woman who hired him to kill Manescu. She had fled to New York, where she was arrested.

"The man's a homicidal lunatic of course, yet but for his weakness where red-haired women are concerned—and the admirable pluck of Mlle. Claudine—he might have got away. Well—thank Heaven, such monsters are not often created. Of course he was a fool to write that charred note Levallois found, which started our investigation. But he was raving mad at the way Desmoulins had behaved. Although there is no following the reasoning of a madman, I think he always compelled his clients to write him a letter that made him safe from blackmail. The silent oboe was only one of his 'guns' I feel sure, but so far I've not found the others."

The case was never tried, for Muller, alias Olaf, gradually became a senseless, shouting madman who had to be shut in a padded cell, where he remained for two years, rapidly degenerating from a man into a brute beast. He died of a ruptured blood vessel.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Wedding Cake Icing

MIX 3 cups sugar, 10 tablespoons water, 4 egg whites (unbeaten) and 3 tablespoons white corn syrup in top of double boiler. Mix well. Place over rapidly boiling water and beat vigorously for 5 minutes or until stiff enough to hold its shape. Place over cold water and beat 2 minutes. Continue beating 2 or 3 minutes and spread. (Flavor as desired before spreading).

● Any complexion can be made smoother, clearer, younger with Mercolized Wax. This lovely cream absorbs the dried out, blemished surface skin in tiny invisible particles. You are not actually aware of this skin shedding, until you observe, or receive compliments on the natural loveliness of your young complexion.

Care for your skin regularly with Mercolized Wax. Its combined cleansing, clearing, softening, beautifying properties make it a complete beauty treatment in a single jar. Start tonight to bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax.

• • •

TRY Phelactine Depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Leaves skin smooth, soft and hair-free. Simple to use.

• • •

SAXOLITE Astringent is a refreshing skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores. Eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily.

At drug and dept. stores everywhere.

DON'T
HAVE PISTON RINGS INSTALLED

. . until you get a FREE Hastings scientific Compression Test from your Repairman!

If test shows your car needs new Piston Rings, a Hastings low-cost overhaul will stop oil pumping and restore new car 'pep'! Write Dept. 3, for what "Every Car Owner Should Know About Piston Rings"

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PISTON RINGS AND PISTON EXPANDERS

BACKACHES
NEED WARMTH

Thousands who suffered miserable backaches, pains in shoulder or hips, now put on Allcock's Porous Plaster and find warm, soothing relief. Muscle pains caused by rheumatism, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago and strains, all respond instantly to the glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Allcock's Plaster brings blood to the painful spot . . . treats backache where it is. Allcock's lasts long, comes off easily. It is the original porous plaster . . . guaranteed to bring instant relief, or money back. 25¢ at druggists, or write "Allcock Mfg. Co., Ossining, N. Y." **ALLCOCK'S**

"Klutch" holds
FALSE TEETH
Tight—all day

"Klutch" forms a comfort cushion; holds the plates so snug they can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with, and not a seed can get under them. *You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. "Klutch" will end your troubles. 25c and 50c at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, don't *waste money* on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. **HART & CO., Box 2435-C, ELMIRA, N. Y.**

ITCHING

Don't endure this torment another day. Apply Resinol to the itching skin anywhere on your body, and prove how quickly it gives relief. In daily use for nearly 40 years. *For free sample, write RESINOL, Dept. X-31, Baltimore, Maryland*

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INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. You will find an unending stream of thrilling narratives in this great magazine!

SILENCE

The sure and quick way to silence a cough is that old reliable—a Smith Brothers Cough Drop. Two kinds: Black or Menthol—5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

1st PRIZE — $500.00 in CASH
2nd PRIZE — $200.00 in CASH
3rd PRIZE — $100.00 in CASH
22 other Cash Prizes

PLUS 77
VALUABLE MERCHANDISE PRIZES

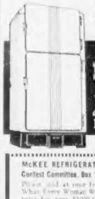
Here is a contest you'll really enjoy—102 chances to win—just by reading an interesting booklet that tells about the sensationally new ultra modern Duo-Draft air-conditioned Refrigerator . . . then writing us your ideas as to what we should tell women about it. We will pay for the best answers to this question:

WHAT SHALL WE TELL THE WOMEN OF AMERICA ABOUT DUO-DRAFT REFRIGERATORS?

The Duo-Draft introduces advanced ideas in food protection, using ice in an entirely different way.

Safe, silent, convenient food protection at far less cost . . . constant temperatures always below 50° . . . all the ice cubes you need, in a few minutes . . . a way to make smooth, delicious ice cream in 15 minutes. These are some of the things you'll enjoy writing about. Nothing to buy or pay to enter. Absolutely no obligation. Free booklet gives complete information. Contest ends at midnight, April 20.

"Cold Alone is Not Enough!"



McKEE DUO-DRAFT
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Contest Committee, Box 10, Cobleskill, N. Y.
Please send at once free booklet "Food-keeping—What Every Woman Wants to Know About It," and rules for your $1000 Cash "Idea Contest."

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MORE than 5,000,000 families read THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly.

How quickly you respond!

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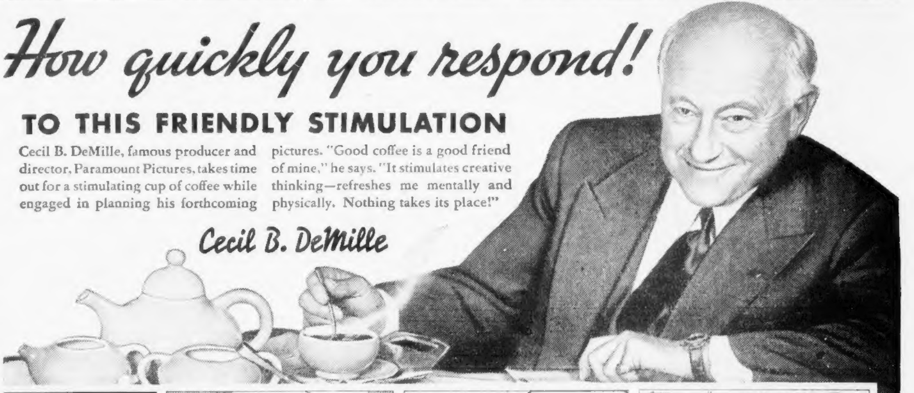


Cecil B. DeMille, famous producer and director, Paramount Pictures, takes time out for a stimulating cup of coffee while engaged in planning his forthcoming pictures. "Good coffee is a good friend of mine," he says. "It stimulates creative thinking—refreshes me mentally and physically. Nothing takes its place!"

Cecil B. DeMille

CECIL B. DE MILLE IS RIGHT! ATTORNEY CARTER DISCOVERS..

TOUGH DAY YOU HAD HERE, HARRY. YOU LOOK TIRED.
I AM! THAT PLEA TO THE JURY TOOK IT OUT OF ME!
I HEARD YOU SAY YOU WERE TIRED, SIR. THERE'S REALLY NOTHING LIKE A CUP OF GOOD COFFEE TO PICK YOU UP.
THANKS, SO MUCH.
S-A-A-AY! I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN ALREADY. THAT'S SURE SWELL COFFEE. WHAT KIND IS IT?
IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE. ISN'T IT DELICIOUSLY SMOOTH AND RICH?

WE HAVE TO PLEASE 180,000 PASSENGERS A YEAR ON UNITED AIR LINES. SO WE SERVE MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE. THEY ALL SAY IT'S DELICIOUS! IT'S A BLEND OF FINER COFFEES . . . AND IT'S PACKED IN A SUPER-VACUUM VITA-FRESH CAN THAT KEEPS IT FRESH AS THE HOUR IT WAS ROASTED.

FINER COFFEE, KEPT ROASTER-FRESH

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

Safety First Against the Hazards in Housekeeping

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

BELIEVE it or not, housekeeping is a most hazardous occupation! Of the more than 100,000 fatal accidents which occur annually in this country, approximately one-quarter or even as high as one-third of them happen right in our homes!

Everything from falling off a stepladder while hanging a picture, to a short-circuit fire caused by a defective electric cord, to mistakenly snatching the wrong bottle of medicine may be included, with fire risks bulking large in a yearly household property damage averaging some $160,000,000!

Many of these hazards in housekeeping are due to faulty house construction or installation, and hence are beyond the knowledge or responsibility of the housekeeper. But it must be admitted that a large percentage of these common home risks are due to plain, outright careless practices and habits, and as such, they can be anticipated, checked and thus avoided.

These hazards in housekeeping may be classed briefly as follows:

(1) **Mechanical Hazards** (due to falls, slipping, ladders, open machinery, cuts, etc.)

(2) **Fire Hazards** (due to accumulation of rubbish, combustion, fuels, matches, asphyxiation, etc.)

(3) **Electrical Hazards** (shock, short-circuit, fire, defective electrical apparatus, etc.)

(4) **Miscellaneous Hazards** (poisons, polishing and cleaning materials, etc.)

Just as in the factory, it has been proved that many hazards or risks may be removed by paying attention to the physical conditions which encourage them; thus falls (which account for some one-sixth of all such risks) are caused generally by a faulty construction, or an obstacle or article left lying in the wrong location.

Falls down stairs, for example, may be due to poor construction of the stair and the height of its treads—but they may equally well be caused by failure to provide sufficient light and illumination so that the entire stairway is visible to the person about to descend; again a bad fall may result because someone has carelessly left a bucket on one of the steps. If possible there should always be a handrail along an open stairway, such as is common for cellar stairs, and the lighting unit should be one able to be controlled from the head of the stairs.

While every household requires a ladder or step-chair of some kind, the use of any aid to climbing or reaching requires attention in handling. Many ladders in daily use are not fit for much else than firewood, and all such should be tested frequently to see if they set true on the floor. There are varying types of non-skid or non-slip cork or rubber bases which may be adjusted easily to the ends of any ladder.

However, it is not always the use of a standard ladder which is to blame for most falls, but the silly practice of standing on a frail chair, or jumping on its arms, or trying to support one's weight on an upturned box or crate in order to reach a high shelf or object. A sturdy, square-set step-chair, or a small, high-grade carpenter's ladder with well balanced spreaders, is an investement which will soon pay for itself in any household.

Volumes might be written on the number and kinds of minor accidents due to small mechanical injuries. Of these unpleasant and sometimes dangerous cuts and bruises are very common.

Only the other day I called at the house of a friend who came to the door with the fingers of one hand swathed in surgical gauze. The explanation was forthcoming that in trying with her hands, to rid her backyard of some unsightly cans, she had badly cut her fingers on their jagged rusty edges. Spring-cleaning the yard is a most desirable motive, but a shovel and a rake are the best tools with which to accomplish this end!

Hazards by fire are so numerous that it may be worthwhile to set down some of the main causes which lead to such staggering annual loss, not only of property, but of life, or burden of permanent disfigurement:

(1) Defective chimneys and flues.

(2) Sparks on roof.

(3) Stoves, furnaces, boilers, or their pipes.

(4) Hot ashes, open fires.

(5) Ignition of hot grease, tar, wax, etc.

(6) Matches and smoking.

(7) Sparks from combustion.

(8) Fireworks, firecrackers, etc.

(9) Gas, natural and artificial.

(10) Electricity, lightning.

(11) Fire from accumulations of rags, waste, papers, etc.

Now if the housekeeper has no responsibility for some of these contributing causes to home fire risks, such as those of defective chimneys, lightning, etc.—nevertheless we can set at her door the blame for several others of the most frequent agencies for fire loss: accumulation of waste papers, rags, clothing, etc.; careless handling of cleaning tools and wax or polishes; improper storage of kerosene, benzine or gasoline around or near the house; failure to provide fireguards to open hearths; careless protection of matches; failure to check up on frayed cords and other danger spots of many familiar household electrical appliances.

Let us tackle first this so-general cause of fire—the accumulation of waste around the home. In the words of caution of a prominent official interested in aiding safety in the household: "Do not allow accumulations of combustible material or waste of any kind in or near the house. Without them, fires from carelessly discarded smoking materials would be far less frequent."

Yet how often is this caution unheeded by the housekeeper! Look for a moment, as through a television projector, at the attics and cellars of our fair land!

Most of the houses might bear moderate scrutiny as to their sanitary aspect. But come up with me to the attic!

There, scattered on the bare wood planks lie piles of old clothes heaped up as if carelessly dropped from the wearer, hummocks of tattered blankets and patchwork quilts, bulging suitcases bursting with old crippled shoes which seem not to have been worn, for a decade past, pasteboard boxes in disarray, heaps of Christmas wrapping papers, a few old holiday wreaths, even newspapers from years ago—and hats, hats, and still more HATS!

Surely not 1% of all this accumulated trash will ever be worn or used again. It is pure and unadulterated junk, and as such should be given to a charitable collection agency, or taken out and burned in the back of the yard. Still, there it lies, and just one dropped and unsuspectedly embered cigarette would set a blaze that an entire detachment of firemen could hardly control!

So it is with thousands, even millions, of attics or cellars or garage premises. Here are to be found the recklessly left can of opened gas or kerosene, the waste rags, the general litter of a defaulting housekeeper or house manager!

Careless and unthinking handling of cleaning materials is likewise a main cause of home fire risk. Since so many floor, stove, and furniture polishes contain either wax or benzine or both, or similar inflammable materials, the storage of such articles should be a real housekeeping concern.

Polishes containing such inflammable substances should not be piled into a tightly closed cleaning closet—one of the best means of producing what is called "spontaneous combustion"—and resulting fire.

Many so-called dustless dusters are made so by immersion in either paraffin or kerosene, and so too, some mops for floor-dusting are treated with the same substances in order to become dust-absorptive. This is quite all right—but the cloths and mops should be kept either in a tin box, or other receptacle where the oil will not seep out onto the wall or floor and thus create an oil-soaked fire risk.

In the immediate future I have been asked to address some groups of rural housekeepers interested in re-arranging their kitchens and kitchen equipment. When I discussed with their leader some of the possible points which she would like me to include in my talk, I was surprised to hear her say, with considerable emphasis: "Oh, do please bring in that they are not to have thin flimsy cottage curtains on their windows, back or near their cooking stoves."

So here again, in a quite different class of housekeepers, there seems to be failure to realize the danger of having curtains over the range; yet a moment's thought would prove that such a proximity of cooking unit with fire and a thin curtain, could not help but be a dangerous partnership!

Last, but by no means least in importance, is the fire risk possible from frayed or defective wires and cords as used with small electrical apparatus. The electric iron does stand much household abuse—but it should be checked over, at this time of the year especially, since it has seen a long Winter of use.

The cord on the toaster, the percolator, or table stove, as well as that of the washer and the vacuum, all the house lamps need a good inspection, the tightening of the small screws in the socket, and replacement of any cord which seems frayed or requiring reinforcement.

Viewed from the angle of accident and loss by fire, the house is on the same status as the industrial workshop or factory. In these latter institutions accident is so important in connection with all employes, that posters, rules and cautions are seen on every wall or stairhead.

Similarly the housekeeper—who is the executive of the home factory—should take upon herself a study of housekeeping hazards and how to prevent them. Spring is not far behind Winter—and soon will be scheduled the big annual Clean-up Week. But in housekeeping hazards, it is the ounce of prevention which is worth more than a pound of cure.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Orange Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Philadelphia Scrapple, Apple Sauce, Coffee	*Breakfast* Grapefruit, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee	*Breakfast* Stewed Apricots, Hot Cereal, Apple Pancakes, Bacon, Coffee	*Breakfast* Canned Peaches, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Toasted Rolls, Coffee	*Breakfast* Grapefruit, Cereal, Toast, Marmalade, Coffee	*Breakfast* Grapes, Hot Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Muffins, Coffee	*Breakfast* Apricots, Cereal, Delicate Muffins with Broiled Sausage Balls or Creamed Cheese Toast, Coffee
Luncheon Split Pea Soup, French Bread, Stewed Prunes, Tomato Soup Cake, Tea	*Luncheon* Macaroni and Cheese, Grated Raw Carrot and Pineapple Salad, Peanut Butter Bread (made with bought or home-made peanut butter), Cocoa or Tea	*Luncheon* Kidneys in Casserole, Baked Potatoes, Orange Charlotte or Fruit Compote, Tea	*Luncheon* Spaghetti Italienne or Black Bean Soup (Polish Style), Cottage Cheese and Prune Salad, Melba Toast, Cookies, Cocoa	*Luncheon (Company)* Oyster Cocktail with Lemon, Farm Custard (Corn, Tomatoes, etc.), Sauteed Sweet Potatoes, Celery Salad, Pyramid Cake with Maraschino Frosting	*Luncheon* Swedish Soup, Swedish Bread, Tomato and Romaine Salad, Chives Dressing, Hermits	*Dinner* Baked Corned Beef, Parsley Potatoes or Noodles, Baked Carrots, Vegetable Salad Platter, Fine Herbs Dressing, Fruit Ice Cream Pie (Uncooked Pastry), Half Cups Coffee
Dinner Beef, Pork or Lamb Liver Loaf, Tomato Sauce, Baked Paprika Potatoes, Jellied Cabbage Salad, Butterscotch Blanc Mange.	*Dinner* Pot Roast with Onions and Potatoes, Green Bouquet Salad, French Dressing, Peach Trifle (Canned or Dried), Swedish Cookies.	*Dinner* Salmon Loaf with Green Pea Sauce, Spinach with Lemon, Beet and Asparagus Salad, Fruit Sponge Cake or Favorite Gelatin with Cream or Custard Sauce.	*Dinner (Company)* Tomato Juice Cocktail, Roast Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb with Watercress Stuffing, Brown Gravy, Green Peas or Green Beans, Mustard or Kale Salad, "Treasure Island."	*Dinner* Scallops en Brochette (New Orleans Style), Potatoes, Beet Greens, Cauliflower with Butter Sauce, Pineapple Salad, French Dressing, Red Apple and Raisin Tarts.	*Dinner* Sauerkraut Cocktail, Swiss Steak, French Fried Onions and Green Peppers, Sweet Potato and Left Over Pineapple Juice Casserole, Steamed Spinach, Peppermint Sponge with Chocolate Sauce.	*Supper* Toasted Sandwiches, Rocks, Buttermilk, Fruit.

Women ask me why Kotex can't chafe—can't fail—can't show

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"

Can't chafe

Because the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

Can't fail

Because Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

Can't show

Because the ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered beside. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.

NOW 3 TYPES OF KOTEX AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

IN THE BLUE BOX—*Regular Kotex.* For the ordinary needs of most women. The choice of millions.

IN THE GREEN BOX—*Junior Kotex.* Somewhat narrower—for some women when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX—*Super Kotex.* Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS

IT takes more than "just a salve" to draw them out. It takes a ***"counter-irritant"!*** And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out the local congestion and pain when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau, No. 4867.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face . . . unloved . . . discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 270, Chicago.

EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is read by more than 5,000,000 families!

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

The last 3 days in the Life of a CORN!

Diary tells sad story of death struggle with arch-enemy Blue-Jay

(1) He woke up this morning singing and laughing. He forgot all about me, his old corn. Imagine that! Well, I let him have a few minutes' fun—but when he got into his shoes I went after him plenty. I stabbed him until he cried out in pain. Was *I* having a good time! I made him so mad he cut himself shaving and cussed his good wife at breakfast.

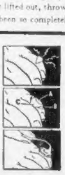
(2) On the way to his office I suddenly had a sinking feeling inside of me. He stopped off at the drugstore and I heard him talking with the drug clerk. "Blue-Jay?" "Yes, that's the best." Curses! My worst enemy, the arch-enemy of corns! Was *I* done for!

(3) I jabbed and kicked him for all I was worth—but as soon as he reached the office I realized the worst had happened. He put a Blue-Jay over me in just the twinkling of an eye—and I could scarcely breathe. Kick and stab as hard as I pleased, he didn't even feel it. I grew fainter and fainter, helpless in my Blue-Jay prison.

(4) And now my life and strength are ebbing fast away. Two days since I entered these Blue-Jay prison walls. In another day my lifeless form will be lifted out, thrown away. Well, anyway, only Blue-Jay could have been so completely victorious. Good bye, cruel foe!

30,000,000 people approve this *safest way* to end corn suffering

● For 35 years the world's most popular corn remover, Blue-Jay has brought foot comfort to more than 30,000,000 people. It gives instant relief from pain—then removes corns painlessly and safely. Here is how. • **First,** its soft, felt pad stops agonizing shoe pressure. As soon as Blue-Jay is applied, you walk in complete comfort. Pad never slips—is not harmed by bathing—special Wet-Pruf adhesive strip makes it stay where you put it. • **Second,** Blue-Jay's safe medication undermines the corn itself. And does this gently, working only on the corn, not on the surrounding skin. In 3 days the complete corn lifts out. No wonder millions approve this method. • Try it. Stop in at your druggist's today. Ask for Blue-Jay, only 25c a package. Follow the simple directions that come with it—and you'll really get rid of corns!



WHY A CORN HURTS
A corn has a tack-like point that presses against tender nerves and flashes pain throughout the system. That's why a corn "hurts all over."

HOW TO STOP THE PAIN
Soft felt Blue-Jay Pad stops pain instantly. Fits snugly, firmly (without showing through shoes) . . . while mild Blue-Jay medication undermines the corn.

HOW TO REMOVE THE CORN
After 3 days, remove the Blue-Jay, soak foot in warm water, and you lift the corn right out.

BLUE-JAY BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTER

BUY BLUE-JAY from your druggist or department store. 25c a package . . . special sizes for bunions and calluses.

Exercise Book FREE Illustrates valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Also free booklet "For Better Feet," contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago. *(Pasting coupon on government postcard saves postage.)*

Name ____________________ / W3-1

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Your bath is *much nicer* when you've scented the water first . . . A hand lotion is *much nicer* when it's scented as delightfully as is Frostilla! Frostilla's fragrance is *something extra*—an added attraction in this lotion that does everything you want—as you want it. Its ingredients whiten and beautify your hands quickly, economically, without stickiness

35c, 50c and $1.00 sizes everywhere. Travel size at better ten-cent stores.

fragrant FROSTILLA *Lotion*

it's up to you

Will your Baby have a Pretty Mouth? . .

The wrong nipple may spoil the shape of your baby's mouth . . . for *life!* Davol Sani-Tab nipples shape the mouth naturally, help teeth to come in straight, guard against colic. Send for new FREE Booklet that shows you *why*.

DAVOL

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Providence, R. I.
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THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

Suggestions for Late Winter Luncheons

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Economy Chicken Casserole.

HAVE ready 3 cups sliced cooked chicken and 4 pared and sliced cooked sweet potatoes. Arrange in alternate layers in a buttered casserole dish, pour in 2 cups of well seasoned chicken gravy, and lay 4 or 5 thin strips of bacon over the top. Bake in a hot oven about one-half hour.

Chicken Baked With Mushroom Soup.

CAREFULLY dress two young chickens and cut in pieces for serving. Roll in flour seasoned to taste with salt and pepper and place in a baking dish. Cover with cream of mushroom soup blended with an equal quantity of water. Cover closely and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 degrees F., 2 hours. Add more liquid if necessary. Just before serving remove the cover and brown.

Tomato Juice Rolls.

SCALD 2 cups tomato juice with 2 tablespoons sugar, 1¼ teaspoons salt and 3 tablespoons shortening. Cool until lukewarm. Soften 1 yeast cake in 2 tablespoons lukewarm water with 1 teaspoon sugar. Combine with first mixture. Add about 1 tablespoon melted shortening and 2 well beaten eggs. Add as much sifted flour as can be stirred into the dough without kneading. Brush with melted butter. Set aside to rise in a warm place. When about double in bulk turn out on lightly floured board and knead until it can be handled easily. Have ready greased muffin pans. Pinch or cut off small pieces of dough, form into balls, brush with melted butter and place three of the little balls in each muffin pan. Cover with a clean towel or with waxed paper and let rise until nearly double in bulk, about 1½ hours. Bake in a hot oven, or at 425 degrees F., for 10 to 15 minutes. Remove from pan and brush with melted butter. Serve immediately. (The eggs may be omitted.)

"Treasure Island."

MIX and sift 2 tablespoons flour, ⅓ cup sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Add to 4 well beaten egg yolks and 2½ cups scalded milk. Stir constantly over low heat until smooth and thick. Remove from heat, cover closely and set aside to cool. Flavor with any desired flavoring and pour into glass sherbet cups. Put small pieces of candied cherries or pineapple in the center of each cup. (Any preserved or candied fruit may be used for the "treasure.") Cover with 4 egg whites beaten with ½ cup sugar until stiff and dry and flavored with a few drops of any desired extract. Sprinkle with coarse granulated sugar, if you like.

Tomato Soup Cake.

CREAM ½ cup shortening, add 1 cup sugar and beat until smooth and creamy. Add 1 can tomato soup (about 1¼ cups) in which is dissolved ¾ teaspoon soda alternately with 2 cups cake flour sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves and ¼ teaspoon salt. Mix just enough to blend well. Fold in 1 cup chopped dates or raisins and 1 cup broken nut meats and pour into a greased and floured shallow loaf pan about 8x13 inches and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven or at about 350 degrees. When cold cover with cream cheese frosting. Decorate with sliced cherries. To make the frosting beat 2 packages cream cheese until smooth. Gradually beat in 3 cups powdered sugar. Flavor with 2 teaspoons vanilla. Color with vegetable coloring if desired.

Grenadine Syrup For Fruits.

MIX 1 cup sugar and ¾ cup water and stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil about 5 minutes. Add half as much grenadine syrup and color with red, crimson or scarlet vegetable coloring.

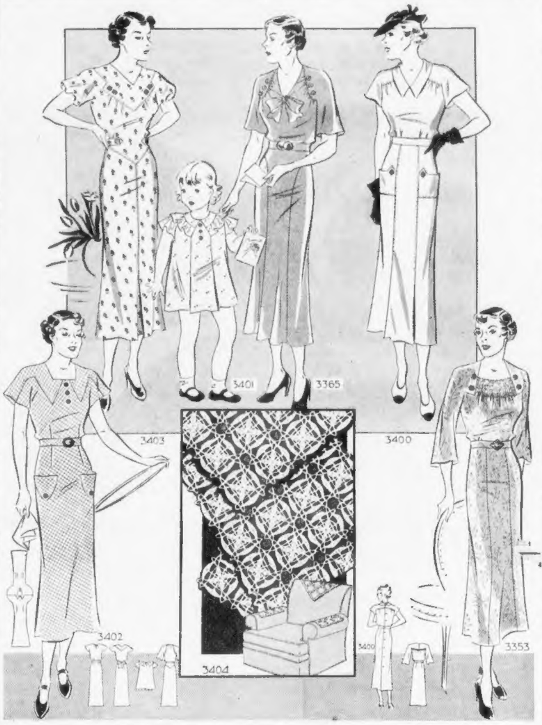
Uncooked Orange Plum Pudding.

DISSOLVE 1 package orange bo[illegible] flavored gelatin in 2 cups and [illegible] water. Add ¾ cup sugar [illegible] until dissolved. Cool. Cook 1 cup raisins in a very little water until soft. Cool and add 1 cup chopped dates, ¾ cup currants, 1¼ cups nut meats, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon cloves. Turn into a melon mold and chill. Turn out on platter and garnish with whipped cream.

Whole Wheat Nut Bread.

MIX and sift 2 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 cup sugar. Mix with 2 cups coarse whole wheat flour. Add 2 cups milk slowly and 1 well beaten egg. Mix well. Add 1 cup coarsely chopped and toasted English walnuts (toasted in slow oven) and ½ cup chopped raisins. Pour into well greased loaf bread pan and let stand about 20 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees F., for 1 hour.

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3403—A SPRING-LIKE, WORK-A-DAY FROCK HAS MATCHING POINTS OF YOKE AND BODICE. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3401—THIS DAINTY BLOOMER FROCK MAY BE A PLAY OR PARTY FAVORITE WITH TOTS UNDER TEN. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3365—THE WOMAN OF AMPLE PROPORTIONS WILL CHOOSE THIS AFTERNOON FROCK WITH SOFT BOW AND SLENDER LINES. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3400—NO "TIME OFF" FOR A COTTON OR SILK SPORTS FROCK THAT'S ON THE GO SPRING AND SUMMER. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3402—PERFECT WARM-WEATHER FROCK INSURES EASY MAKING WITH A MINIMUM OF PARTS. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3404—BRAND NEW!—CHAIR SET QUICKLY CROCHETED IN STRING. Simple repeat of crocheted squares nice for scarfs, cloths, bedspread, or varied accessories. Anyone can do it! Pattern 3404 contains directions and charts for making the set; illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Pattern 3353—EVERY WOMAN WELCOMES THE FLATTERY OF A SHIRRED NECKLINE. PRINTED SILK OR CREPE IS LOVELY. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15c EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15c in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern and address your envelope to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.,
635 SIXTH AVENUE,
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SKIN'S ROUGH... FLAKY
IN FROM A RIDE
SMOOTH ALREADY—THANKS TO POND'S VANISHING CREAM!
OUT FOR A DANCE
MORE OF THAT BLESSED CREAM... FOR EXTRA SOFTENING
HOME AGAIN
DRY "TIGHT" SKIN *Melted* INTO SUPPLE SMOOTHNESS

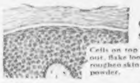
WHAT with sharp winds outdoors—and too much heat indoors—your skin can't help but dry out quickly. It even puckers up, doesn't it?—feels "tight" and drawn with little roughnesses.

But your skin can be smooth, moist in a minute. By *melting away* those rough, dry pieces!

What you really melt off are the tiny cells lying on top of your skin—the dry, dead ones that make your skin feel harsh, catch your powder. No longer any good—they just cover up the smooth, good skin below.

The very skin you melt into view—with a keratolytic cream!

"The minute a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) touches dried-out surface cells, they melt away," says an eminent dermatologist. "This melting uncovers the young supple cells which give the skin its smooth, fresh appearance. Vanishing Cream also helps to keep the skin from drying out, due to heat and wind."

This shows that Pond's Vanishing Cream is more than a powder base. It's an instant skin softener as well. Use it daily to keep your skin refreshed—free of dry, scaly roughnesses . . .

Outer skin
Cells on top skin dry out, flake loose. They roughen skin, "catch" powder.
For a smooth make-up—Make sure no roughnesses catch your powder, cause splotchy make-up. Just film on Pond's Vanishing Cream first. Now your skin is ready for powder—smooth, not a speck rough. Face shine ended. Little faults concealed.

Overnight for lasting softness—Skin dries out at night, too. Don't let it. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream right after your usual cleansing. Your skin wins extra softness every time you use it!

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The Countess of Warwick says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream softens my skin—keeps it from getting dry."

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YES, MA'AM, THEY'RE SANFORIZED-SHRUNK—AND THEY HAVE THIS ALL-GUARD GUARANTEED WASHABLE TAG
ALL-GUARD GUARANTEED WASHABLE FABRICS SANFORIZED-SHRUNK RINSO WASH-TESTED
THEN YOU'RE QUITE SURE THEY'LL LAUNDER WELL?
OH, OF COURSE. THE ALL-GUARD TAG GUARANTEES THE WASHABILITY OF THE FABRICS. THEY WERE TESTED BY BEING WASHED 10 TIMES IN A WASHER WITH RINSO. THE FABRIC DID NOT SHRINK OUT OF FIT AND THE COLORS STAYED BRIGHT AS NEW
ALL-GUARD GUARANTEED WASHABLE FABRICS SANFORIZED-SHRUNK RINSO WASH-TESTED

FEW WEEKS LATER
I'VE HEARD ABOUT RINSO. IT'S THE SOAP THAT SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING
YOU'LL NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE ONCE YOU SEE HOW MUCH WORK IT SAVES YOU
LOOK HOW LOVELY THIS DRESS LAUNDERED. I MADE IT FROM MATERIAL THAT WAS SANFORIZED-SHRUNK. MY WHOLE WASH WAS WHITER AND BRIGHTER, THANKS TO RINSO
I'VE USED RINSO FOR YEARS. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT FOR TUB, WASHER OR DISHPAN
Makers of Sanforized-Shrunk cottons and linens bearing the All-Guard tag recommend Rinso for safety and whiter, brighter clothes

I AM THE ALL-GUARD TAG THAT GUARANTEES THE WASHABILITY OF SANFORIZED-SHRUNK FABRICS. FOR BEST RESULTS USE RINSO
ALL-GUARD
SANFORIZED-SHRUNK
RINSO WASH-TESTED
THE All-Guard tag on fabrics marked "Sanforized-Shrunk" means that they have been washed 10 times at the Rinso Laboratories in a home washing machine—and that they are guaranteed washable. So look for fabrics bearing this tag—and be sure to wash them in Rinso, America's biggest selling package soap that washes clothes whiter and brighter. The makers of 33 washers recommend Rinso. Grand for dishes and *all* cleaning.

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MAKES A MOTHER PROUD TO KNOW HOW TO COOK

MEAL-MAKING is no task at all when it has a happy ending like the desserts and salads pictured here. As one friend wrote me after making the delicious Dutch Flummery and Golden Salad shown on this page, "It makes a mother proud to know how to cook, when the family is so eager to praise her meals".

This woman was amazed to discover how very easy and economical it is to make unusual desserts, salads, and main dishes with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. You, too, will be surprised at the hundreds of different dishes that can be made with it. The advantage of starting with Knox Plain Sparkling Gelatine (it is without sugar, flavoring or coloring) is that one simply adds whichever fruits, vegetables or other foods she has on hand and makes a dish not only attractive, but rich in vitamins and minerals, not present in any factory flavored brands. If you try it I am sure you will agree with me. Another reason for using Knox Plain Gelatine is its economy. A package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes a dessert or salad for four different occasions, six generous servings each. This page gives some of my favorite recipes—but perhaps there are some in my book your family will like even more. If you will send the coupon I will send you the books without charge.

—Mrs. Knox

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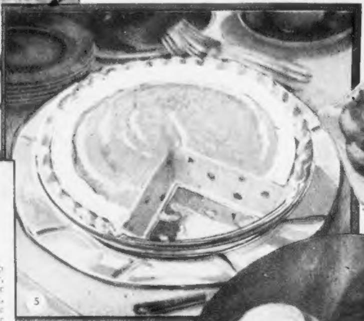
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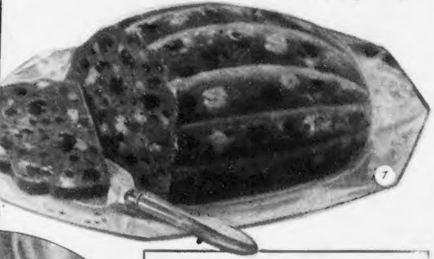
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1 DUTCH FLUMMERY

(6 Servings—uses only ¼ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ¾ cup hot water
1 teaspoonful grated lemon rind
1 tablespoonful lemon juice
¼ cup sugar 3 eggs ¼ teaspoonful salt
1½ cups sweet cider or orange juice or wine

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt, lemon rind and hot water, and stir until sugar and gelatine have dissolved. Stir hot mixture slowly into well-beaten eggs and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Remove from fire, add lemon juice and cider or orange juice or wine, and cool. When it begins to thicken, place in a pan of chopped ice and beat with a rotary egg beater until very light. Pour into mold that has been rinsed in cold water, and chill. Unmold and garnish with orange sections and cherries.

2 GOLDEN SALAD

(6 Servings—uses only ¼ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water 1 cup hot pineapple juice
¼ cup mild vinegar ½ cup orange juice
¼ cup sugar ¼ teaspoonful salt
1 cup raw carrot (grated on coarse grater)
1 cup oranges, cut in small pieces
1½ cups canned pineapple, cut in small pieces

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt and hot pineapple juice and stir until dissolved. Add orange juice and vinegar. Cool and when jelly begins to stiffen, add other ingredients. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. If individual molds are used, place one teaspoonful of clear jelly in bottom of mold. When nearly firm, place on it one tablespoonful of thick mayonnaise. When this is firm, fill mold with salad mixture. When congealed, unmold on lettuce.

3

8

7 CHOCOLATE FRUIT PUDDING

(6 Servings—uses only ¼ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water 1 cup milk
¾ square chocolate or 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa
½ cup seeded raisins ¼ cup currants
2/3 cup dates ¼ cup nuts, chopped
½ cup sugar ¼ teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful vanilla 2 egg whites

Put milk with chopped fruit in double boiler. When cooked slightly, add cocoa or chocolate, which has been melted and mixed with part of the sugar and a little milk to make a smooth paste. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add to hot chocolate mixture and stir until dissolved. Add sugar, salt and stir thoroughly. Remove from fire, cool and when mixture begins to thicken, add nuts and vanilla, and lastly fold in whites of eggs beaten very stiff. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill. When firm, remove to serving dish and garnish with whipped cream or a currant jelly sauce.

8 FRUIT COCKTAIL

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water 2 cups grapefruit pulp
1 cup orange juice 1¼ cups sugar
1 cup crushed pineapple and juice (canned)
¼ teaspoonful salt

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Place bowl in or over boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add fruit juice, fruit pulp, sugar and salt. Turn into freezing trays and stir occasionally. Freeze until stiff enough to serve. Serve in glasses and garnish with mint or piece of fruit.

5 SPICY AMBER PIE

(One 9-inch Pie)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water 3 eggs
¾ cup sugar ⅔ cup milk
1 teaspoonful cinnamon
¼ teaspoonful nutmeg ¼ teaspoonful cloves
½ cup raisins, stewed and drained

To slightly beaten egg yolks add ½ cup sugar, milk and spices. Cook over boiling water until of custard consistency. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add to hot custard, mix thoroughly and cool. Then add the raisins. Cool and when mixture begins to congeal, fold in stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and the other ¼ cup sugar. Pour into previously baked pie shell and chill. Just before serving garnish with a rim of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

6 CRABMEAT SALAD

(6 Servings—uses only ¼ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water 1 cup crabmeat
½ cup celery, chopped
½ green pepper, finely chopped
2 tablespoonfuls olives, chopped
¾ cup cooked salad dressing or mayonnaise
½ teaspoonful salt ¼ teaspoonful paprika
1 tablespoonful mild vinegar

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Place bowl over boiling water and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Cool, and add salad dressing, fish separated into flakes, celery, pepper, olives, salt, vinegar and paprika. Turn into individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water and chill. Remove to nests of lettuce leaves and garnish with slices cut from stuffed olives, diamond shaped pieces cut from green pepper, celery tips or watercress.

3 LEMON JELLY

(6 Servings—uses only ¼ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
⅛ teaspoonful salt ¼ cup lemon juice
½ cup cold water ⅓ cup sugar 1 cup hot water

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice, mix thoroughly and pour into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, unmold. Fruits may be added to this jelly for a dessert or vegetables for a salad, just when the jelly begins to congeal.

WINE JELLY

(6 Servings—uses only ¼ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ½ cup sugar
½ cup hot water ¾ cup wine ¼ cup orange juice
1 tablespoonful lemon juice ¼ teaspoonful salt

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add orange juice, lemon juice and cool. Then add wine. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill until firm. Unmold.

4 EMERALD SALAD

(6 Servings—uses only ¼ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ½ cup hot water
1 tablespoonful lemon juice ½ cup sugar
1 cup grapefruit juice ¼ teaspoonful salt
1 cup lettuce or cabbage, finely shredded
½ cup grapefruit sections (fresh or canned)
¼ cup green pepper or pickle

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice and cool. When mixture begins to congeal, add shredded lettuce or cabbage, grapefruit sections (drained of juice) and green pepper or pickle, cut in small strips. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm unmold on crisp lettuce and garnish with grapefruit sections. Serve with mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing.

4

6

SAVORY CHEESE SALAD
For Sunday Night Supper

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